

The Nation

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 986.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1884.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Beginning of the Sixty-Ninth Volume.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

With the June number is begun the Sixty-ninth Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. After a development of thirty-four years, this Magazine stands forth fully recognized as one of the most popular and most representative of American institutions. Its law of selection and growth has been from the first determined by its original scheme as a magazine designed to meet the wants of the people—those wants which are in the line of their aspirations; and to the supremacy of that law the enterprise of its publishers, the judgment of its editors, and the offerings of its contributors have been simply tributary. Conducted upon this principle, the Magazine has maintained the simplicity and breadth of its dominant purpose, never appealing to prejudice—of clique, sect, party, or section—but being always the reflex and the index of the people's progress in taste and culture.

In its development the Magazine has kept steadfastly to the American type, and it is because of this that it has met with so hospitable a reception in England and wherever the English language is spoken. In every English home it represents America and what is best in American literature and art. Even when the subjects treated in its pages are European, they are most frequently presented as seen by American eyes, and illustrated by American artists. It is, however, only a fitting response to the cordial reception given to the Magazine in Great Britain, that the best English writers and artists are accorded a like generous hospitality in its pages and in the homes of Americans. This international character, in no way disturbing the American type, is one of the most notable features of the Magazine. In WILLIAM BLACK'S 'Judith Shakespeare' we have the most brilliant English novel of the season, illustrated by E. A. ABBEY, the most original of American draughtsmen. And side by side with it is 'Nature's Serial Story,' by the most popular of American novelists, illustrated by WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON and FREDERIC DIELMAN, each, in his field, unsurpassed. Thus, in all that concerns literature and art, HARPER'S MAGAZINE has brought the great English-speaking peoples nearer together in generous sympathy, at the same time that it has incited an equally generous rivalry. The institutions of these two peoples of the same race are such, in their popular relations, that they can never be considered separately; and the treatment of these institutions, in these relations, is a prominent feature of the Magazine.

Colonel Higginson's American History Series will be concluded in the July Number. It will be followed, in the August Number, by a series of papers by the Rev. TREADWELL WALDEN, entitled "The Great Hall of William Rufus," giving a panoramic view of English history as associated with Westminster Hall, with fine portraits and other illustrations.

In the same Number Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON will begin a new series of "Artist Strolls in Holland," with illustrations from his own drawings, and from those of Mr. E. A. ABBEY and Mr. J. E. ROGERS.

The series of Engravings from Great Pictures—including old and modern masterpieces—by Mr. W. B. CLOSSON, will be continued from time to time.

Among the especially seasonable articles to appear in early numbers will be "Summer Resorts on the St. Lawrence," by ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE, illustrated by HENRY SANDHAM; "Trouville" and "Norman Fisher Folk," by MARY GAY HUMPHREYS, illustrated by C. S. REINHART; and other illustrated papers, including "Salt Lake City," by ERNEST INGERSOLL, "A Run Ashore at Queens-town," by WILLIAM H. RIDEING, "The Gateway of Boston," by WILLIAM H. RIDEING, "A Day with Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew," etc.

Harper's Monthly Magazine

FOR JUNE

CONTAINS:

- BY THE RIVER.* Frontispiece. Illustration for Sixth Part of "Judith Shakespeare." From Drawing by E. A. Abbey.
BIARRITZ. By Lucy C. Lillie. With Fifteen Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.
THE NORTH SHORE. A Description of the North Shore of Lake Superior. By John A. Butler. Illustrated.
THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE. By R. Wheatley. Illustrated.
SHEFFIELD. By William H. Rideing. Illustrated.
TRANSCRIPTS FROM NATURE. By William Sharp. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons.
THE GREAT WESTERN MARCH. By T. W. Higginson. With full page Portraits of John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun.
JUDITH SHAKESPEARE—VI. By William Black.
NATURE'S SERIAL STORY—VII. By E. P. Roe. Illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson and Frederick Dielman.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT CINCINNATI. By W. M. Dickson.
SHORT STORIES:
A HUMBLE ROMANCE. By Mary E. Wilkins.
THE DAGGER. A Story of the Time of Sextus Pompey. By John Macmullen. With an Illustration by Alfred Fredericks.
SPACE SHERWOOD. The One Virginia Witch. By John Esten

PO. By Dinah M. Craik and Louise Chandler Moulton.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR: Clubs in Court.—Kindergarten for the Blind.—The Copyright Question in Congress.—Dangers from Fire in Flats.—Mr. Gladstone.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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The Nation.

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Advertisements must be acceptable in every respect. Copy received until Tuesday, 5 P.M.

THE NATION is sent free to those who advertise in it, as long as advertisement continues.

The EDITION OF THE NATION this week is 8,000 copies. The Subscription List is always open to inspection.

** Copies of THE NATION may be procured in London of B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; George Street, 30 Cornhill, E. C.; H. F. Gillig & Co., 449 Strand; and American News Reading Room, 8 Haymarket.

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Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st Janu- ary, 1883, to 31st December, 1883.	\$4,168,653 10
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1883.	1,830,272 53
Total Marine Premiums.	\$5,998,925 63

Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1883, to 31st December, 1883.	\$4,260,428 03
Losses paid during the same period.	\$1,901,942 38

Returns of Pre- miums and Ex- penses.	\$850,080 70
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The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks.	\$8,000,705 00
Loans, secured by Stocks and otherwise.	1,350,500 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at.	425,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.	1,588,300 79
Cash in Bank.	335,710 68
Amount.	\$11,690,216 47

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates
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The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1879 will be
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February next, from which date all interest thereon will
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payment and cancelled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net
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31st December, 1883, for which certificates will be issued
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1884.

The Week.

SENATOR CULLOM's bill to prohibit speculation by bank officers makes it unlawful for the president, cashier, or teller of a national bank "to deal, trade, or otherwise engage in speculation in stocks, bonds, or other securities, or in grain, provisions, produce, or oil, on margins, on his own individual account, or for his own personal profit, either directly or indirectly, or to have any partnership or other financial interest in the operations of any private banking or brokerage firm or business." Violations of the act are punishable by imprisonment for not less than one and not more than five years, or by a fine of not more than \$10,000. An act of this kind, it seems to us, ought by its terms to enforce itself as far as possible. To effect this it would be necessary to make stock operations disqualify a man for a bank presidency. If a bank president could be made to resign the moment it became known that he was speculating in stocks, the stockholders and depositors would be far safer than if they had to await his prosecution by the District Attorney. We appear to be entering on a brand-new period in finance, in which the people on whose integrity the whole fabric of credit rests are to be just those against whose rascality we are most likely to need protection, and in which legislation with regard to banks is to be based on the idea that all positions of trust naturally lead to crime. Under these circumstances it seems to us that there ought to be a summary way of bringing a bank president to book, and making him disclose under oath just what he is actually doing; why he goes "on the Street" so much, and why he does not stay in his bank and attend to its affairs. If he can give no satisfactory explanation nor prove an alibi, let him be disqualified from being a bank president for life.

As a matter of fact, if the stories published with regard to the recent bank mismanagement are correct, the trouble has been mainly fraud and crime, though the fraud and crime have been led up to by stock speculation. In one case the bank president is said to have been in the habit of drawing the amount of his losses in Wall Street at the end of the day from the bank, and having it entered on the books against a fictitious loan to a non-existent person, based on an alleged deposit of imaginary securities, kept in an empty vault of which he carried the key. Such a transaction as this is not countenanced by the law even as it stands now, and renders a man liable to the forfeiture of all his property and to incarceration in the penitentiary besides. Probably with a cumulative sentence such as is now sometimes given, he could be put there for life. Still, we are in favor of having the law complete, and if Senator Cullom will amend his bill so as to enable any depositor or creditor (not the directors only, because they might be in collusion

with the criminal) to examine the President before a judge or commissioner as to how he spends his time, and to have the office vacated *ipso facto* if he is found to be continually hanging over a ticker, we shall then be able to give the new system a fair trial.

Mr. Seney's misfortunes as a bank president suggest the question whether it be well, after all, for a man to give away large sums in charity, unless he is going to retire from business. It is undoubtedly a finer thing than leaving them by will, but legacies have the advantage of always coming from a man who has left "the Street" for good, and whom neither stocks nor bonds, puts nor calls, privileges, margins, securities, nor loans can trouble any more. The beneficiaries are thus spared the pain of seeing their benefactor struggling with and often overwhelmed by difficulties from which his donations, if he could get them back again, would save him. We think, therefore, that anybody who really means to make gifts, *inter vivos*, on a great scale, ought to put his affairs in deathbed order, and thus be able to view panics with the serene if not pleasurable indifference of the poet's man who, from the top of a cliff, chuckles over the laboring of ships in a heavy sea.

The return of confidence caused by the reopening of the Metropolitan Bank on Thursday was checked rather rudely in the afternoon by the failure of Fisk & Hatch. They were overthrown in 1873, and, though since then very successful, seem never to have completely regained their old position. They have ever since had things to sell, and, except a brief period in 1879-80, the position of people with things for sale has not been a favorable one. The great fortunes of the last ten years have been mostly made by the bears, and anybody who was made, either by circumstances or temperament, a bull has had a hard time. The reason assigned by the firm for their failure—"the long-continued decline in the market prices of securities, even the very best, accompanied by a general weakening of confidence in financial matters"—has made the fortune of a good many men in Wall Street within the last three years; but they have not been men who had bonds to place, or railroads to construct, or industrial or financial enterprises to push.

The German depositors in the Newark Savings Bank have taken the sensible course of threatening in a general way that unless their accounts are made good, inquiries will be set on foot calculated to lead to a solution of the question whether any one connected with the bank has committed a criminal breach of trust. This course is both prudent and business-like, for it is eminently adapted to induce every one connected with the bank to ask himself the two great questions which few of us, however ready we may be to answer them in another world, like to be asked in this, Am I liable? Am I guilty? Directors of institutions forced to answer both of them in the affirmative, or

left in doubt as to what the proper answer is, are usually under a strong inducement to use all their means to save their creditors from loss.

The *Tribune* calls the Rev. James M. Pullman to account, in some remarks, for the most part very just, for having in his sermon last Sunday attributed to General Grant a criminal knowledge of his partner Ward's doings. It further says that he has made himself "amenable to the law." The practice of personal denunciation from the pulpit cannot be too severely condemned, and undoubtedly a libel delivered from the pulpit ought to be punished as sternly as a libel delivered in any other place. But the misfortune of the position into which General Grant allowed himself to get is, that it enables people to libel him with impunity. The law would not presume that he knew how Ward was making the profits which he shared, but it would be very hard to convince a jury that any one who said he knew ought to be punished for it. In cases of this kind, choosing to remain ignorant about something he is profiting by often tells against a man as much as actual and proved knowledge. If the affair will bring home to the minds of those who have filled high places, that they owe it to the people who have honored and trusted them to keep out of dubious company and suspicious situations, it will do great good.

Ferdinand Ward's testimony on Monday must inevitably increase the suspicion that he was not the only person interested in his "contracts" who was aware that the entire business of the firm was a swindle. He says that "of course there never were any profits to divide"; that supplies of money were furnished by Messrs. Fish, Tappan, Warner, and Work; that all these men received their "profits" regularly, and that one of the two books containing the record of contract operations was kept in Mr. Fish's office and the other in his own. A great deal of the firm's "business" was transacted on notes endorsed by Fish, Tappan, Warner, and Work, and while these men seem to have been wise enough to draw out their "profits" as fast as they accrued, other investors, whose opportunities for gaining inside information were not so great, were induced to leave theirs in for fresh investment. These latter persons are likely to be deeply interested in these revelations, and we trust that they will press Messrs. Fish, Tappan, Warner, and Work as closely as possible, in order to gain as much additional information as they possess. Ward is doing his best to shield every one connected with him in his swindling, but he said on Monday that several of his former more or less direct associates were grieved by some things which he had admitted, and he would like opportunity to qualify them. This was promised him, but we trust the aggrieved persons will have a chance given them to take the stand and speak for themselves.

The truth about the real-estate market appears to be that it is in a healthier condition

than it has been for some years, and in an essentially different condition from that in which the panic of 1873 found it. Then the prices of real estate, and especially "lots," were, just like those of railroad stocks, enormously inflated, and the panic led to a violent contraction, followed by a cessation of all schemes of improvement. Several years of depression ensued, and about 1879 or 1880 there began to be a distinct revival, which put rents and prices up, and was followed by a "movement" in lots, and the speculative building operations on which the value of lots depends. The present crisis can only have an indirect effect on this movement, by increasing the timidity of capital. It will be likely to retard all speculative enterprises, and no one who has followed the course of the market for the last ten years can believe that this of itself will do any lasting damage.

The bill lowering the duty on works of art from 30 to 10 per cent. was defeated on Monday. This was due in part to the action of some of the free-traders, who will agree to no special reduction when they cannot have a general one, but mainly to the Western and Southern feeling that pictures are a rich man's luxury, and that it would be dangerous on the eve of a Presidential campaign to lower the duty on them. About the educating influence of works of art, either on artists or the general public, and about the national importance of a knowledge of art, or a love of art, these men know and care nothing. There is a certain excuse for their prejudice, stupid as it seems, in the fact that picture-buying is in this country, perhaps more than in most others, one of the first signs of a great increase of fortune. The European millionaire runs into land and field-sports as soon as he gets his money. Ours are very apt to buy pictures the first thing, which is a fortunate thing for the country, but it undoubtedly gives color to the suspicion of the agricultural mind that they are imported as furniture.

The Democrats of the House Appropriations Committee have proved unequal to the heroic course of striking civil-service reform dead at a single blow by refusing the appropriation for the Commission. After contemplating the sum of \$18,700 asked for by the Commission for many weeks, longing to kill it but not daring to take the responsibility, they agreed on Monday to report it to the House, merely cutting it down to \$17,300. As the great cheese-parer of the House, Mr. Holman, was himself a member of the Committee, and consented (with great reluctance) to favor the appropriation, there will probably be no further objection when the bill comes before the House. This will be so craven a submission to the reform clamor of the time that large numbers of the rank and file of the party in the West, notably in Ohio, are likely to have their faith in the perpetuity of Democratic institutions badly shaken.

The amendment to the civil-service law, making its regulations compulsory upon the mayors of all cities in this State having a

population of 20,000 or over, has passed both branches of the Legislature, and will undoubtedly receive the Governor's approval. All the attempts which were made to have exemptions incorporated were defeated, and the law now includes within its jurisdiction all branches of the municipal service. This is the most remarkable reform victory of the session, and the one which will have the most enduring and far-reaching influence for good. The municipal service in every large city in the State must henceforth be conducted without regard to political influences. Appointments must be made after open, competitive examinations, and the only test will be the fitness and capacity of the applicant for performing the duties of the position which he seeks. All promotions from lower to higher grades must be made on the basis of merit and competition alone. No person in the service will be under obligation to contribute to any political fund, or to render any political service, and no person can be removed or otherwise prejudiced for refusing to do so. All persons are forbidden to levy political assessments upon employees of a city, or to solicit or receive, either directly or indirectly, from any such employee any assessment, subscription, promise, or pledge for any political purpose whatever; and any person found guilty of violating this provision will be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and subject to a fine of not less than \$50 and not exceeding \$1,000, or to imprisonment for not exceeding six months, or to both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Court.

An excellent bill is now before the Governor for his signature, and will doubtless receive it, which makes the sale or circulation in any manner of an obscene "magazine, pamphlet, or newspaper," a misdemeanor. Better still, the second and third sections make guilty of the same offence any one who "sells, lends, gives away, or shows, or has in his possession with intent to sell or give away, or to show, or advertises, or otherwise offers for loan, gift, sale or distribution to any minor child, any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, or other printed paper, devoted to the publication or principally made up of criminal news, police reports or accounts of criminal deeds; or exhibits upon any street or highway, or in any other place within the view, or which may be within the view, of any minor child, any book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, writing paper, picture, drawing, photograph, or other article or articles coming within the descriptions of articles mentioned in the first and second subdivisions of this section, or any of them."

This ought to remove at once from the news-stands and streets generally the *Police Gazette* and a number of other publications of a similar character, if the District Attorney and the police do their duty. They will be expected to do it, and their failure to do so will be easily observable.

Judge Sedgwick has rendered a decision in the Newman church quarrel which gives some advantages to both sides. He makes permanent the injunction granted some weeks ago against the trustees, but with some modifications. The general effect of his decision is to recognize Dr. Newman as the acting but not the permanent pastor of the church, and

without any right to take part as an officer at any meeting of the church, or of the deacons, or of the society—that is to say, it puts him in the position of a Methodist minister hired temporarily to do duty in a Congregational pulpit. It ties the trustees up, too, to the management of the property, and forbids their interference with the government of the church, and denies their right to refuse the use of the church building for meetings to the Ranney party, or to decide on the qualification of voters at church meetings. In short, from a spiritual point of view the decision is against the Newmanites; from the financial point of view it is in their favor. Under it Dr. Newman can hold on to the church, but it distinctly intimates that he ought not to do so, not being a Congregational minister. The Newmanites, however, like all Stalwarts, are essentially *de facto* men, and are rather amused by *de jure* views of the situation.

There is something very pathetic as well as tragic about the suicide of Judge Reid, of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, who was assaulted on account of a decision of his court, by a lawyer named Corneilson. The lawyer came to him in his chambers, and beat him brutally; the Judge, who was taken unawares, offering no defence. It appears that the social code in Kentucky requires that when even a judge is assaulted on account of his official acts, he shall not appeal to the law to punish his assailant. If he was unable to defend himself at the time of the assault, he is bound to arm himself, and go in search of his assailant, and murder him as soon as he finds him—exactly as if he were a breech-clouted New Guinea savage. Judge Reid happened at the time of the assault to be a candidate for election to the Court of Appeals. He was also a professing Christian man and an elder in the Presbyterian church. In short, besides being the citizen of a State calling itself civilized, he held official positions and made public professions which imposed on him a peculiarly solemn obligation to abstain from violence. According to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, however, he found in his canvass that his refusal to commit murder was so injurious to him, and brought on him so many slights and imputations, that the strain became greater than he could bear. His nerves broke down and he committed suicide the other day.

The trouble with Kentucky, as with all barbarous communities, is not simply that the people rate physical courage as the highest of the virtues, but that they suspect everybody of not possessing it who is unwilling to prove it by some deed of violence. In civilized States, however, the virtue exists not only in as high a degree as among savages, if not higher, but its diffusion through the community is taken for granted, and nobody is called on for displays of it for the satisfaction of his neighbors. There is in such States never any lack of brave men for any public service, however dangerous, whether of war or peace. In fact, no community can be great in which physical courage is not a common trait of the men. But no civilized community nowadays would think of asking a judge or man of any

other peaceful calling to prove the possession of it by a murder or other deed of violence, any more than it would think of asking him to prove his powers of memory by retelling indecent stories, or the strength of his brain by a drinking bout. The tenacity with which traditions of savagery hold their own in States like Kentucky, in spite of the church, the press, and the railroads, is a curious subject, which it would take Herbert Spencer to investigate. In the days of Daniel Boone the popular admiration of the manslayer was comprehensible; but the Boone stage has long passed away, and yet men are still expected to prove their fitness for a seat in the highest court of the State by their readiness to engage in murderous affrays.

Bogan Cash, the hopeful son of old "Colonel" Cash, was killed last week in resisting arrest for the murder of the Cheraw City Marshal. He had for a month been hiding in a swamp, and defying the Sheriff. It is fortunate that he did not surrender himself, for he would almost certainly have been acquitted on trial, plain as his guilt was, and doubtless before long would have married and perpetuated the Cash breed, besides killing several other persons. The Cash type would have been extinct before now at the South, as its members generally die early and violent deaths, if they could be killed unmarried. But they are very apt to leave sons behind, who are brought up on traditions of violence, bloodshed, and whiskey, and begin murdering as soon as they reach the age of puberty, if not sooner. The death of a Cash without heirs is, therefore, a great thing for the State. Old Cash is still at large, perhaps one of the best specimens extant of what has been aptly called the "ante-bellum blackguard," and he may do some mischief by way of avenging his son's death; but he cannot last long at best. As we have more than once said already, it is not the existence of such men as Cash in South Carolina which is strange, but the importance attached to them by decent people. Mr. Shannon, a lawyer in good standing at the bar, and a man past middle life, actually felt it necessary to fight a duel with Cash for words spoken in court, simply because the drunken old ruffian went about calling him names.

Mr. Frelinghuysen has sent in a statement to the Senate on the subject of extradition which shows how much a new treaty with England is needed. As the matter now stands, a man in London may commit manslaughter, or counterfeit money, may embezzle, steal, commit perjury, burglary, or rape, kidnap children, or scuttle a ship, or commit all these crimes together, and then run off to New York, and go scot free. An American criminal has just the same harbor of refuge in London. When we reflect that New York is the pleasantest place in the world for an English criminal, on account of some peculiarities in our domestic administration of justice, it is easy to see what an antique and inadequate affair the old Ashburton treaty is, so far as regards extradition.

Rumors of a desire on the part of Spain to sell Cuba to the United States have been re-

newed; but probably nothing will be done with the property till after the election. The surplus would enable us to purchase the island, though why we should pay any considerable sum for it it is hard to see. Cuba, as an American State, would immensely increase our political difficulties, as it would come in as a free State, and so, like all the States in which there is a large negro population, would have to be conceded to the Democrats. This prevents it from being an attractive purchase to Republicans, and the Democrats have other uses for the surplus. The island is invaluable to Spain, too, as it furnishes one of the regular means of enriching themselves to its officials. What we want of Cuba is an opportunity for unrestricted trade, not the island itself; and a more inconvenient and troublesome addition to the numerous "problems" which our Government presents than the acquisition of the island would make could hardly be conceived.

The majority in the House of Lords, it is now pretty well ascertained, is determined to throw out Mr. Gladstone's County Franchise Bill, and he has said in an interview that, in that event, he will probably dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the country by a general election. He will perhaps be all the readier to adopt this course because of the loss of strength which the Ministry has undoubtedly suffered in Parliament owing to the events in the Sudan. He intimates that he has a complete answer to the attacks made on him on Gordon's account, but it can hardly be made now, while Gordon is still in danger and difficulty, as it will probably consist in the publication of the full official correspondence with him. That this correspondence will show that General Gordon has not been in any way betrayed or badly treated, those who know anything of it are very confident. In the fall it will probably be possible to lay the whole case before the public. More, over, there is much reason for believing that it is in London and not in the country that the Ministry has become unpopular, and that it will be found, when the test is applied, that little or nothing is known in the provinces of the bitter shame and humiliation over the events in the Sudan which the people report themselves as feeling in the London clubs and at the dinner-tables.

The most remarkable phenomenon in English politics just now is the open separation of Lord Randolph Churchill from the other leaders of his party, as the founder of something which he calls "democratic Toryism." There has been much talk for several weeks past of his differences with Lord Salisbury, and they reached the public eye in a very palpable form recently by the publication of one of his letters to Lord Salisbury. Of his contempt for Sir Stafford Northcote he has long made no secret in the House of Commons. He has not, however, openly separated himself from his party in Parliament on any important question till Tuesday, when he opposed an amendment to the new Franchise Bill moved by a Conservative, Mr. Brodrick, excluding Ireland from the benefits of the extension, and voted with the

Government. Lord George Hamilton, who is supposed to be one of the coming Tory leaders, denounced this sort of democratic Toryism, and Sir Stafford Northcote and many others of his party left the House and refrained from voting. That such a thing as a Tory democracy can be started in England or anywhere else, as a political organization, is, of course, absurd. There is nothing that Lord Randolph Churchill can offer the English democracy which they cannot get in a much more agreeable shape from the Liberals. Democratic Toryism means democratic oligarchy, which is a contradiction in terms. There may be imperialism based on democracy, but hardly aristocracy. As a divider and paralyzer of the Tories, however, Lord Randolph Churchill is doing excellent work for Mr. Gladstone in his present troubles.

A little discussion has been going on in England about the "Art of Fiction," apropos of a lecture on the subject by Mr. Walter Besant. He took the ground that fiction is an art, and can only be taught to persons who have the gift for it. He might have added that they will generally learn it for themselves, and if they do not, will rarely, if ever, get themselves taught by anybody else. In France they have literary "ghosts" whose business it is to produce fiction which goes on to the market under some well known name, and the elder Dumas established a very well-disciplined school of fiction, in which the scholars were taught the art of writing Dumas's novels. We see no reason why the great English novelists should not have done the same thing; but they did not, perhaps because of the extraordinary delusion which seems to pervade the whole literary class in the Anglo-Saxon world, that the possession of literary gifts implies an inspiration which it would be base to employ in a glorious art like fiction, except in original authorship. This accounts for the great overproduction of authors from which the fiction market is now suffering.

Peace has been made between Chili and Bolivia, the terms being the surrender of a good deal of valuable nitrate lands and the Bolivian seacoast. Iglesias has secured a recognition from the United States and Brazil, Germany, and Salvador, and it is expected that other governments will take the same course. There was at first a hitch in the proceedings, arising from the refusal of Iglesias to have anything to do with foreign Ministers, unless they first formally recognized him, and this, it is said, led to the suggestion that Iglesias should first apologize to every foreign nation for this refusal, and that they should then proceed to recognize him—a simple way out of the difficulty. According to a Lima letter, Mr. Phelps, our representative, is charged with attending to Chinese interests in Peru, and seems to be stimulating emigration from China to Peru, no doubt for the purpose of reinforcing the measures passed by Congress to prevent the Mongolian from coming to the United States. The Peruvians and all the rest of the world may as well understand that our Chinese policy is going to be thorough.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, May 14, to TUESDAY, May 20, 1884, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

THE long-continued financial depression, and the more recent failures, resulted on Wednesday in a crisis in this city such as has not been known since the great panic of 1873. As soon as the Stock Exchange was opened the announcement of failures began with that of Nelson Robinson & Co.; then followed in quick succession Goffe & Randall, O. M. Bogart & Co., and J. C. Williams. The Bogart failure was the most important of these, and created a sensation, which was intensified when the announcement was made that the well-known firm of Hatch & Foote had been compelled to close its doors. This was followed by the astounding announcement that the Metropolitan National Bank had suspended. George I. Seney, well known for his gifts to educational and benevolent institutions to the extent of a million and a half, is President of this bank. His two sons and son-in-law are members of the firm of Nelson Robinson & Co. Mr. Seney had advanced them large loans, and was also interested largely in Southern railroad stocks, which have depreciated greatly. It was not only impossible for him any longer to sustain the firm of Nelson Robinson & Co., but to continue the business of his bank. Therefore, it temporarily suspended. The capital stock of the Metropolitan is three million dollars, and at its last report its surplus fund was almost a million and a half. The immediate cause of the suspension was the demand from the Clearing-house for half a million dollars.

Later in the day the failures were announced of Donnell, Lawson & Simpson and Hotchkiss & Burnham, brokers. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon the Atlantic State Bank, of Brooklyn, correspondent of the Metropolitan, closed its doors.

There was a run on the Second National Bank throughout the day, but all calls were immediately met. Early in the day the Bank Examiner testified to its soundness, and this helped to allay the excitement.

Secretary Folger chanced to be in the city, and immediately telegraphed orders to Washington to take up the bonds of the 127th call upon presentation. The bonds are not due until June 20. The Secretary promised that such steps should be taken as would relieve the panicky situation.

The most important action of the day in relieving the situation was a resolution passed unanimously by the Clearing-house in the afternoon, by which the banks in the association united to support each other. The plan was for a committee of the association to receive from banks in the association bills receivable and other securities, to be approved by the Committee, and to issue for them certificates of deposit not in excess of 75 per cent. of the securities deposited, except U. S. bonds; these certificates were to be received and paid in settlement of Clearing-house balances. The result of this action was to keep large blocks of securities from being forced on the market and sacrificed.

Within five minutes after the meeting of the Stock Exchange, on Thursday morning, the failure was announced of A. W. Dimock & Co. Mr. Dimock is the President of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company, the stock of which soon fell to 45, a decline of 74 points. No other failures followed, and the announcement was made that the Metropolitan Bank would resume at noon, a special committee of the Clearing-house having recommended that association to advance the amount required to effect the resumption. This report was made after a careful examination of its condition. President Seney resigned, and Henry L. Jacques was elected his successor, which had much to do in restoring confidence. Confidence began to return, and prices of stocks advanced. The news from

other cities was encouraging, except that two failures were reported from Boston, and a bank failure from Quincy, Ill. The hopeful feeling was rudely shocked at 2:45 P. M., when it was announced in the Stock Exchange that Fisk & Hatch were forced to suspend. The firm had been the heaviest dealers in Government bonds on the Street. Mr. A. S. Hatch was recently elected President of the Stock Exchange by a unanimous vote. The immediate result was a decline in prices of from 1 to 5 per cent. On the Street it was rumored that the chief cause of the failure was the pressure for money, and the impossibility of realizing upon \$4,000,000 worth of Chesapeake and Ohio stock, in which securities the firm was largely interested. They had a great many call loans and call deposits, and the sudden pressure upon them for payment, from all quarters, made it impossible for them to secure enough ready money to continue business.

The failure of Fisk & Hatch dragged down the Newark Savings Institution, and it failed to open its doors on Friday. Five years ago the bank failed and was placed in the hands of the Chancellor. He permitted the old managers to continue business and it seemed to be prosperous again. The President told the Chancellor on Thursday evening that Fisk & Hatch had more than \$1,000,000 of the bank's money, but that the Government bonds which should stand for it had been replaced by comparatively valueless securities. The Chancellor immediately ordered the bank closed. It is not believed that the depositors will be paid in full.

On Friday morning the fluctuations of the stock market were alarming, but the only failure announced was that of F. C. Hardy & Sons, whose liabilities are placed at about \$300,000, with assets almost equal. By 1 o'clock the market was firm again, and the fear of a panic was dispelled. Confidence seemed to be restored on Saturday, and no new failures were reported.

There was one failure on Monday in this city, that of W. B. Scott & Co. It was caused by the great depreciation in the value of securities. The firm hope to resume in a few days. The market was not strong, but there was no flurry. The suspension of three banks in smaller cities was announced as follows: Planters' and Mechanics', at Petersburg, Va.; City Exchange, at Laporte, Ind.; and Erie County Savings Bank, at Erie, Pa.

Mr. C. C. Baldwin resigned the Presidency of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad on Monday, and Mr. J. S. Rogers was elected to succeed him. The Board of Directors published the following official statement: "Mr. Baldwin reported to the Board that certain funds of the company had been invested in the purchase of stock of the company, which, when sold, produced a loss of \$206,000. The Board having declined to recognize the transaction, the amount has been made good by Mr. Baldwin." There are various alarming rumors of a further deficiency of two millions, but they are not credited.

On Tuesday the stock market opened weak, and disappointed those who hoped for a steady improvement, by declining throughout the day. No failures were reported.

A resolution to investigate the causes of failure of New York banks was under consideration by the Senate Committee on Finance on Tuesday. By a unanimous vote of the Committee, the Comptroller of the Currency was requested to appear before the Committee on May 27th, prepared to convey to them such facts relating to the subject as he may have gathered. Upon his showing, the Committee will decide whether there is ground to warrant further action at present.

A report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, presented on Wednesday, shows in regard to the prohibition against the importa-

tion of salted meats into Germany and France that the discrimination is not a tariff law, but an absolute prohibition of a specific American product as an American product, and the prohibition is declared to be based upon a sanitary regulation, and enforced for sanitary reasons. The same may be said in respect to the discriminations practised in Great Britain against American cattle. If these discriminations are causeless or arise from groundless fears of danger to the public health, the United States has reason for complaint, and, after using every means to remove the prohibition, they may with perfect propriety resort to discrimination. The Committee does not find it necessary to suggest any further legislation than it has already proposed.

The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which came before the House of Representatives on Wednesday, appropriates \$978,170 as against \$1,296,555 for the current year. On Friday the House passed through the Committee of the Whole the Diplomatic, Army, and District Appropriation Bills, recommending them all for passage substantially as they came from the Appropriations Committee. The Committee resisted every attempt to increase the appropriations for the consular service, and it will remain for the Senate to insist on needed changes.

In the House of Representatives on Monday the bill to reduce the duty on works of art, the product of American and foreign artists, from 30 to 10 per cent. ad valorem, was defeated by a vote of 52 to 179. The House also, by a vote of yeas 127, nays 113 (not two-thirds), defeated a motion to suspend the rules and fix a day for the consideration of the Bankruptcy Law. The opposition came principally from Southern and Western members.

The National Convention of Wool-Growers of the United States on Tuesday adopted an address to those engaged in that industry throughout the country, urging upon them the necessity of united action to secure a restoration of the tariff of 1867 on wool and woollen goods.

Mr. Roosevelt on Thursday sent to the Assembly the report of the Special Committee that has been investigating the Police Department of New York city. They found that a fatal defect in the system is that the Commission is four-headed; that the Police Commissioners connive at the lottery and policy business in this city; that the Excise laws are openly violated, and that hush money is paid for the privilege. They recommend, in conclusion, that all departments be made single-headed, and that appointees of the Mayor go out of office with him.

The State Senate on Wednesday agreed to the conference report on the Civil-Service Bill, and it went to the Governor.

Both houses of the State Legislature passed the Park Commission Bill for this city on Thursday, making the Commission three-headed, each Commissioner to have \$5,000 a year, and all to be appointed by the next Mayor. The additional appropriation of \$250,000 for the new Capitol was defeated. A conference report allowing this city to subscribe \$50,000 for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue was agreed to. The Senate concurred in the Assembly amendments to the Adirondack Bill providing for a single Commissioner at a salary of \$4,000. The bill fails of its object because the Governor had not time to make a nomination for Commissioner and have it confirmed by the Senate. Friday was the last day of the session. In executive session the Senate rejected several important nominations by the Governor on a strict party vote. The Assembly passed a bill forbidding imprisonment for debt for a period exceeding two years. At 12 o'clock both branches were adjourned *sine die* with speeches by their presiding officers.

The National Convention of Anti Monopolists met at Chicago on Wednesday, only 200

delegates being present, and nominated General Butler for the Presidency. Delegates from New York, Maryland, and the District of Columbia protested against the nomination of a candidate before the other conventions, withdrew, and adopted another platform.

The New Jersey Democratic Convention on Wednesday declared for protection to industries and the "old ticket" of Tilden and Hendricks. Delegates at large were elected in accord with these sentiments. Virginia Democrats on the same day demanded the immediate repeal of the internal-revenue taxes, and a revenue tariff "adjusted to encourage productive interests at home."

At the Methodist General Conference in Philadelphia on Thursday four bishops were elected, as follows: The Rev. Dr. W. X. Ninde, of the Detroit Conference, President of the Garrett Biblical Institute; the Rev. Dr. J. M. Walden, of the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati; the Rev. Dr. Willard F. Mallahue, and Dr. C. H. Fowler.

The Presbyterian General Assembly (North) began its annual session at Saratoga on Thursday, with a large attendance of delegates.

Bogan Cash, one of the South Carolina desperadoes, and the murderer of Town Marshal Richards, was shot and killed on Thursday morning near Cheraw, S. C., by a Sheriff's posse, while resisting arrest. He wounded one of the officers.

E. B. Wheeler, of Copiah County, Miss., was acquitted on Wednesday of the murder of Sheriff Matthews. This was one of the Copiah political outrages.

Charles O'Connor was buried on Friday beside his father in the old Cathedral on Mott Street, in this city, after impressive services in the Fifth Avenue Cathedral.

FOREIGN.

The comments of the London press on the debate on the vote of censure were, as a whole, unfavorable to Mr. Gladstone. The *Times* said that the majority in favor of the Government did not represent the predominant and universal conviction of the country. The *Telegraph* said that for the first time Mr. Gladstone's oratory fell dead upon the House and the public. The *Daily News* said that Lord Randolph Churchill assumed more the tone of a leader than Sir Stafford Northcote.

There was an exciting debate on Tuesday in the House of Commons Committee of the Whole, on the Franchise Bill. Lord Randolph Churchill in a speech strongly disagreed with the amendment of Mr. Brodrick, Conservative, to exclude Ireland from the operations of the bill. This announcement was greeted with cheers by the Liberals. Lord Randolph said that although he objected to the bill strongly on account of some of its provisions, he thought the position taken by the Government was statesmanlike. He had no fear of the result of enfranchising the Irish agricultural laborer, and expressed the hope that the Conservatives would not alienate the good opinion of the Irish by supporting Mr. Brodrick's amendment. Lord George Hamilton, Conservative, asked Lord Randolph Churchill what he was really driving at. If, he said, this was a statement of democratic Toryism of the future, then he declined to follow under such leadership. He contended that the bill was introduced to suit the exigencies of the Liberals. Its application to Ireland would result in reopening the floodgates of agitation. Mr. Brodrick's amendment was rejected by a vote of 332 to 137. Lord Randolph Churchill and several other Conservatives and all the Parnellites voted for the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote and many of his followers left before the division. Lord George Hamilton's attack on Lord Randolph Churchill caused considerable excitement, and it is believed that the latter is still at variance with the Conservative leaders.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday the motion for a second reading of the Chan-

nel Tunnel Bill was rejected by a vote of 222 to 84.

In the House of Commons on Monday night Mr. Joseph Chamberlain spoke for more than three hours in support of the Merchant Shipping Bill. Its passage is regarded as improbable.

Queen Victoria is negotiating for the purchase of the Villa Nevada, at Cannes, in which Prince Leopold died. Her intention is to convert it into a convent and chapel in memory of the Prince.

The American lacrosse team played their first match in England on Monday at Rock Ferry with the Cheshire team, and defeated them by a score of four goals to one.

Lawrence Barrett will sail from London for America on May 30. His engagement at the Lyceum Theatre has been disappointing, and he feels that he has been slighted by the theatrical profession in London.

A part of General di Cesnola's collection of Cyprian antiquities was sold at auction in London on Monday, and went at very low prices.

The British steamship *Illyrian*, from Liverpool for Boston, went ashore on the southern coast of Ireland on Thursday night, and is a complete wreck. All on board were saved.

The British Government has sent orders to Cairo that efforts be made to communicate with General Gordon by other routes than Berber. Secret emissaries will be sent by way of Kassala, also by caravan routes from Dongola and Merawe to Khartum. Refugees from Korosko and Berber, who have arrived at Cairo, report that General Gordon was well, and that the sorties he had made had been successful.

Preparations for the Khartum relief expedition include equipments for 12,000 men, forty steam launches, 400 shallow-draught boats, and several thousand camels. It is doubtful whether the expedition will be ready to start before the end of August.

The Sudan rebellion is rapidly approaching Dongola. Mudir Pasha, who is at Dongola, has been informed that no reinforcements will be sent him, and that if he cannot cope with the enemy he must withdraw.

Osman Digna made a recent attack upon the friendly tribes near Tamanieb, killed twenty-one, took forty women prisoners, and captured many cattle. Of the rebels only five were killed. The tribes attacked can muster 6,000 men, and are determined to revenge the death of their comrades and recover their women.

Two hundred rebels bombarded Suakim on Monday for one hour. Two inhabitants were wounded, and the rebels succeeded in stealing 1,000 sheep. The British troops landed at the town and the rebels were forced to retire. The rebels have captured the Government magazine at Abu-Hamed. They are advancing upon Korosko, and general alarm has been created. El Mahdi's emissaries continue to advance and are welcomed everywhere. Admiral Hewett was at Adowa on April 26. King John of Abyssinia proposes to visit him soon.

Vague rumors are current in French political circles that Prince Bismarck influenced China to conclude a treaty of peace favorable to France, believing that the chances of European disarmament would thereby be increased.

The French Government has decided to introduce a bill in the Chamber of Deputies providing for the taxation of imported cereals and cattle. Prime Minister Ferry announced to the Chamber on Tuesday that the treaty of Tien-Tsin would have to be slightly modified in order to be acceptable to Chinese susceptibilities. Admiral Peyron, Minister of Marine, introduced a bill providing for a credit of 38,500,000 francs on account of the war in Tonquin, and a credit of 5,000,000 francs on account of the Madagascar expedition.

France has agreed not to interfere with the African International Association on the Congo

in consideration of the promise of the Association, in case it shall wish to withdraw from its present undertaking, to cede its possessions to France. The London *Times* attacks the Association and its objects as a private speculation. It says: "Free trade may be replaced any moment by a French protective tariff. America has been led into a false position (in acknowledging the Association). The Association has agreed to sell what it does not possess. The bargain is utterly hollow and illusory. The Association's so-called possessions relapse into unappropriated territory. The subject calls for the serious attention of the Foreign Office."

M. Louis Pasteur, the eminent French chemist, announces the discovery of an antidote for hydrophobia, by several inoculations.

The scheme for a canal from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea, converting the Iberian Peninsula into an island, has been revived. A contract has been signed between the founders of the scheme and the contractors for the Suez Canal for a canal capable of taking the largest vessels through.

The Spanish Cortes was opened on Tuesday. King Alfonso delivered a liberal speech from the throne. That portion of the new commercial convention with America which requires legislative sanction will be promptly laid before the Cortes.

The majority of the Czarevitch was celebrated on Sunday in St. Petersburg by various court and state ceremonies, and a popular fête in the Field of Mars. The streets were thronged by enthusiastic masses. At the palace Prince William of Germany, in the name of his father, the Emperor, conferred upon the Czarevitch the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle. At the Palace Church the Czarevitch took the oath of allegiance to the Czar and loyalty to the fatherland, and swore to maintain the legal order of succession. Returning to the palace, he took the oath of military allegiance. Salutes were fired, and the city was decorated with flags.

All the employees of the Baku Railway in Russia have been arrested on the charge of being implicated with Nihilists.

A convention of 500 delegates of the National Liberal party was held in Berlin on Sunday. Resolutions were unanimously passed to support unswervingly the Emperor and the Empire, asserting the necessity of the Anti-Socialist Law, and pledging the party to support the Government in social and political reforms, especially in passing the Accidents Insurance Bill during the present session.

Sentence was passed on Monday at Leipsic upon Henrich and Krazewski, who have been convicted of treason. The former was condemned to nine years' penal servitude, the latter to three years and six months' imprisonment in the fortress.

Emperor William has accepted the resignation of Prince Bismarck from the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet, and has appointed as his successor Herr von Boetticher, the Prussian Minister of State and Imperial Minister of the Interior.

It is authoritatively announced that the morganatic marriage of the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse Darmstadt with Mme. Kolamine has been legally dissolved.

Mr. Sam Ward died at Pegli, Italy, on Monday, in his seventy-first year. He was born in this city of a wealthy family, and led a somewhat wandering life. At Washington he made a reputation as lobbyist and good-liver. He was the friend of literary men, statesmen, and artists, and was the author of a volume of poems. Julia Ward Howe is his sister, and F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, his nephew.

A mass meeting was held in Montreal on Monday to protest against the pauper emigrants who are sent there by the London Samaritan Association from the disreputable parts of the metropolis.

PANICS AND PANICS.

If anybody who never witnessed a panic before supposed that what he saw on Wednesday week in Wall Street was a repetition or renewal of the panics of 1857 or 1873, he was greatly mistaken. Those were veritable commercial crises of the first order. The scenes of Wednesday were very exciting and very alarming to the ordinary investor, but they were not in any way indications that we were entering on such a period of disaster as followed the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company in 1857, or that of Jay Cooke & Co. in 1873. The history of commercial crises shows that although they vary in many particulars, they are uniformly alike in one most important particular. They always, to all but the very far-sighted or the pessimistic, come like thunderclaps out of a clear sky. The first note of danger is always heard in what seems to be a period of great prosperity, marked by high prices, large profits, great industrial activity, advancing wages, greatly extended credits, eager demand for money, and great mutual confidence. These have been the signs and forerunners of all the great financial convulsions.

It is needless to say that every one of them has been wanting in the crisis we are now witnessing. Low prices, small profits if any, reduced and declining wages, and the narrowest possible amount of credit, have been for some time past the rule all over the country. The fuel of a general and real crisis which was accumulated in the summer of 1881, has been slowly burning out. Perhaps it has not all been consumed yet, but the residuum must be very small. The liquidation, which in a real crisis has to be done in a week, which in 1857 and 1873 was done in a week, has in this instance been distributed over three years. The markets of the country are no longer overstocked. Although the agencies of production may be in excess of the demand for many varieties of goods, the pressure of the supply ceased some time ago to reveal itself in the further decline of prices. The work of readjustment has been going on steadily and safely for nearly three years. While something remains to be done in this regard, it is not of such magnitude or importance as to give ground for uneasiness. Unless the world is entering upon an entirely new stage of experience, in which commercial revulsions come in periods of lethargy, dullness, languor, low prices, and limited credit, we must conclude that last week's panic was a local phenomenon of a temporary character, affecting stock speculators mainly, and having no power to project itself into the currents of general trade.

It is easy to understand how the disasters of the Marine Bank and of Grant & Ward, coming at the end of protracted shrinkage on the Stock Exchange, threw upon certain speculators already weakened a burden more than they could bear. A decline of five or ten points will always hurt a great many people and will generally break somebody. If it happens to bring down a bank president or cashier who has been using funds which he had no right to use, the consequences are far more disastrous and widespread than those of

an ordinary failure of equal magnitude, because confidence in banking is thus unsettled. The particular bank affected may remain perfectly sound and solvent despite the misbehavior of its officers; yet the disclosure will produce effects on the imagination of depositors and investors a thousandfold worse than the facts justify. Some people will draw out their money from banks of unquestioned solvency, and others will sell the best securities at panic prices merely because some other person, of whom perhaps they never heard before, has betrayed his trust. Such is the constitution of the human mind, and it is idle to chide it or quarrel with it.

All that can be done is to point out that bank officers are, with rare exceptions, honest and trustworthy; that the banks of New York were never in a stronger position than now, and this by reason of the weeding out of bad customers and bad collaterals, which has been going on so long; that the circumstances of the present trouble are not of a general character, deep-seated in the vital parts of traffic and industry, but confined to the immediate domain of Wall Street and to the speculating part of that, which is really after all only a small part of its general business.

The situation to-day contains abundant evidence of the soundness of this view. The alarm about the banks has been stopped by the action of the Clearing-house, which, following the precedent of 1873, gives to every bank found to be in sound condition the guarantee of all the others against the attacks of panic. Probably few, if any, of the brokers who were brought into trouble by the failure of customers to "respond," or by the refusal of banks to certify checks in advance of deposits, have escaped the general alarm. Those who are safe and sound to-day will doubtless be able now to go on their way, and it will probably be a quieter and more comfortable way than it has been for some weeks past. The worst feature in the crisis has been the appearance of the Secretary of the Treasury on the scene in the character of a special Providence, offering to allay the anxiety by anticipating payment of a large amount of bonds. No Government is fit for functions of this sort, and our Government less than most others. They are never exercised without leaving behind a certain amount of demoralization. The business world ought in times of distress as well as prosperity to be left to live by law, and not by any man's pity or discretion. One thing, however, the Government, through Congress, ought to do, and that is absolutely forbid, under heavy penalties, the borrowing of money from banks by their own officers. The practice leads not only to gross abuse, but, as we see, to great disaster. Everybody's credit who borrows from a bank ought to be judged by eyes less friendly and prejudiced than his own or those of his associates.

THE GRANT & WARD MORAL.

THERE are probably very few people who will not agree in the main with the remarks made by Mr. Beecher on Friday, on the Grant & Ward failure, in so far as they are a statement of facts. He is reported to have said at his prayer meeting:

"When a man has earned such a reputa-

tion as General Grant has for absolute simplicity, absolute truthfulness, straightforwardness and honesty, he is safe. General Grant has made mistakes; he has done things that I wish he had not done—possibly he wished he hadn't done them; but when General Grant and his sons go into a large concern of which they knew nothing, any more than I do, and that concern plays the mischief with him and his boys, the whole nation rises up to say, 'He is not to blame.' If Jim Fisk was here and had gone under, do you suppose there would have been a man in the whole nation but would have said, 'He is a rogue'? But General Grant has earned character and reputation, and the whole nation says, 'He was not to blame; simple, dear old fellow, he knew nothing of the wrong.' [Applause.] And just about this time the national Legislature is honoring itself by restoring him to the rank and pay of a general. It is a noble thing for the country to do. I thank God for it."

There is a very great and widespread sympathy with General Grant. People are prepared to forgive almost everything to a man to whom the country is indebted as much as it is to him, to put the best possible construction on his acts, and to do anything in reason to protect him against the consequences either of his misfortunes or mistakes. Moreover, we believe there is general acquiescence in the opinion that he was deceived as much as anybody by Ward, and believed as implicitly as anybody in Ward's stories of "profits," without knowing where they came from. But, nevertheless, it is going too far to say that "the whole nation rises up and says he is not to blame." We do not believe that the whole nation, or one-quarter of it, does anything of the kind. If this, or anything like it, were the popular judgment, there would soon be an end among us to all sense of business responsibility. What the bulk of the nation says is, that he is to blame, but that his great services, and the fact that he was himself duped, make his error seem slight, and make it easy to pardon and forget it. It will not do to press those who sympathize with him too hard. They ought not to be asked, because they love and admire him and are willing to help him, to suspend the ordinary rules of business morality for his benefit. Some little room must be left, even in dealing with his troubles, for the play of the old-fashioned commercial conscience. No country can afford to raise any individual above the moral law, any more than above the law of the land.

The great defect in General Grant's civil career has been the readiness with which he has allowed his name and friendship and association to cover unworthy persons, and protect them from the consequences of their misdeeds. "Stalwartism" has, in fact, always been simply a combination for the evasion of the law, or the abuse of the public money or patronage, under the cover of his prestige and authority. The facility with which such persons imposed on him, or "poisoned his mind," as it used to be called, was one great cause of the overthrow of the Republican party during his second term, and was the chief and fatal objection to his getting a third term. The Washington scandals of that period are beginning to fade from people's memory, and we have no disposition to recall them; but they were very serious, and they almost all arose out of the facility

with which men with criminal designs "poisoned the mind" of the President against all officers of the Government who suspected them or were likely to bring them to justice. General Grant came out of these things personally unscathed, but it seems to us he must have heard enough about them to know on which side he needed to be on his guard, and what were the defects in his character or mental equipment which grieved or alarmed his friends, and put his good name in peril. The Grant & Ward firm was in all respects an old-fashioned Stalwart enterprise. It was, indeed, as we said the other day, the very "efflorescence of Stalwartism." The machinery was all the same as of yore. A pair of rascals, of whom General Grant evidently knew nothing, and about whom he seems to have taken no pains to inform himself, got hold of him as a figure-head for a concern which was intended evidently from the first to swindle the public, and did swindle it extensively—how extensively will probably never be known, because many of the victims will be ashamed to appear. The operations they were carrying on might, for all he knew, have been those of a bunco shop or a faro bank, and he allowed them to place enormous "profits" to his credit without any inquiry as to their source. As a matter of fact, these profits were described to outsiders as emanating from Government contracts, which they were led to suppose were obtained through his influence. Surely the nation will never rise up and say that there was nothing blameworthy in this ignorance, or indifference, on the part of one who had had such long and varied experience of men and affairs as General Grant. Surely even he owes it to his fellow-citizens, who have loved and honored him so much, to make sure that his name is not used to aid fraudulent attacks on their property, especially when there is any chance of his profiting by the operation himself.

There is more importance in the matter than appears on the surface, because nearly all the trouble in our financial institutions to-day arises out of the failure of persons who allow their names to be used to bring money into concerns, to see that, when in, it is honestly managed. General Grant is meeting with a great deal of sympathy, and there is general acquiescence in the steps taken to relieve him from pecuniary anxiety, but it seems to us that he can hardly be acquitted of all responsibility for Ward's operations, without weakening those rules of business morality which are, after all, far more than statutes, the best defence of the community against great and carefully-prepared frauds. Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, the great Brooklyn moralist, who observed at the prayer meeting that General Grant was only a special partner in the Grant & Ward firm, and therefore not to be expected to have an intimate knowledge of its affairs, was in error. He was a general partner, and is liable now for all the debts of the concern.

THE FOLLY OF BOOMS.

THE doubts which many voters must have felt as to the expediency of the business

men's meeting on Tuesday night, to push the claims of President Arthur to the Republican nomination, were, we think, fully justified by the letter of Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, which appeared in all the papers of that morning. Mr. MacVeagh, although a member of the famous "class of 1853," seems to have no bowels. His letter is exceedingly acrid in tone, but it is not its acidity which makes it either damaging or severe; it is the facts of Mr. Arthur's political career which it marshals in an orderly, and to the members of his boom most mournful, procession. Now, skilful and prudent boomers would have avoided any demonstration which would have been likely to bring these facts out, or furnish his enemies with an occasion for commenting on them. For it must be borne in mind that Mr. Arthur's sole recommendation for reflection is that he has given the country during the last three years a very respectable and on the whole efficient administration, which will contrast very favorably with those of his predecessors since the war. On this he must rely for the nomination, and on nothing else can he possibly rely. This fact is constantly before the public eye, and doubtless suggests to great numbers of people, in a quiet way, that four years more of it would not be a bad thing. But it is not a thing which, in Mr. Arthur's case, it will do to advertise. It must be left to tell its own tale and produce its own impression without note or comment. As soon as measures are taken to work it up into a great "claim," people's attention is turned to Mr. Arthur's political antecedents. They begin to ask whether this respectable administration is what it was natural to expect from his political training, and from his political philosophy, or is merely the fruit of a tardy repentance forced by a change in the times on a man bred in, and, through all his best years wedded to, far different methods. The answer to this question must, of course, be very injurious to his boom. One does not need to read Mr. MacVeagh's cruel letter to see this. The reasons why Mr. Arthur ought not to have been nominated for the Vice-Presidency, not to speak of the Presidency, abound in the history of New York politics during the last twelve years. Everybody can recall them. His friends ought not to do anything likely to bring them up.

The truth is, there are very few men who have been active in politics who can bear an early boom. The Blaine men have found this out to their sorrow already, although the *Tribune* piously thinks that Mr. MacVeagh's letter "deserves to be read with extreme sobriety and thoughtfulness by every Republican who thinks of sharing in to-night's performance," as "these are the things we shall have to meet in the campaign." It does not like, however, having the Mulligan letters read with "sobriety and thoughtfulness," although there is no doubt they, too, are among the things we shall have to meet in the campaign if Mr. Blaine is nominated. This is quite natural. Both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Arthur are men whose political antecedents will not bear overhauling, and their friends, respectively, are of course very much disturbed when they see anybody perusing these biographies with a serious air. The way

to avoid this was to keep the candidate quiet and in the background till near the meeting of the Convention. Mr. Blaine, for instance, ought to have been confined till now in his study in Maine, working at the "history," and no extracts from it should have appeared in any of the newspapers. It would have been better still if he had gone to Europe, and there hobnobbed with Freeman, and Mommsen, and Treitschke, and other distinguished historians, and then have been suddenly brought into view, just before the meeting of the Convention, when people would have no time to read about him, and when all charges would have the air of suddenly-started campaign stories. His boom, in short, has been ruined by over zeal.

The same fate seems to have undertaken Mr. Arthur's boom. Johnny O'Brien has been too much in Albany, and, little as he accomplished there, accomplished too much for the President's good. He ought not to have been allowed to defeat the Bureau of Elections Bill. Mike Cregan and Al Daggett, too, have been giving too much tongue; and, in fact, all "the boys" have been too much before the public. The business men ought to have known that New York was the last place in the world to hold a meeting to discuss Mr. Chester A. Arthur. It ought to have been held in Buffalo, or Syracuse, or Utica, if it was to be held at all. Here in the very field of his fame it is the easiest thing in the world to bring to mind that he was the creator of the Republican Machine, which has since 1870 been the curse of the State and nation, and that the Mikes, Jakes, and Barneys are all of his training. He had no warmer or shriller supporter when he was doing this than the New York *Times*, but even the *Times* no longer stands by him. He has to-day no more violent opponent—a fact which of itself shows how little backing he has in the place of all places where he ought to expect most. We believe he would make a good President if reflected, but the people are not willing to put any man in that office on a simple promise of good behavior. In the popular imagination, it still stands forth—and may it long stand—as something which ought to be the reward of long identification with things which in some way contribute to the national greatness.

GREAT LAWYERS.

THE Marshall ceremonies, and the deaths of Charles O'Connor and Judah P. Benjamin, have all drawn attention to the present condition of the legal profession and the changes that have come over it in the last generation. These may be summed up roughly as consisting in the change from an appointed to an elective judiciary; the break-down of all restrictions on admission to the bar; the multiplication of judges and lawyers, and the enormous increase in the great body of statutes and decided cases. But what has influenced the development of the law more perhaps than any internal change, has been the growth of corporations and the use of their machinery for private speculation on a gigantic scale, accompanied as it has been by a decline in

the attractions of the law as the direct avenue to a public career. The law in the time of Marshall and Story was a learned profession, and a branch of the public service, and such is still the theory with regard to it, though the practice has drifted at many points into a different channel.

The adoption of a written Constitution in this country, introducing an ultimate appeal to the courts in all important political questions, bid fair to make the American bar even greater than had been that from which it sprang, and in Marshall it gave to the world one of its most famous judges—a judge whose opinions have for a hundred years helped not only to render the Government stable and secure, but to promote directly the general welfare and happiness and security, against the encroachments of wealth and arbitrary power. If it be true, that the danger of democratic government is that it tends to the oppression of the individual and of minorities, and sacrifices to the temporary interests of majorities the eternal interest of right and justice, such judges as Marshall, who never allow themselves to lose sight of the great ends for which law exists, are the most priceless possession a democracy can have. The capacity of the political machinery provided by any Government to attract men of the force and character and independence of Marshall to the bench of its highest court, must be regarded as an important test of its excellence.

That the Federal bench is not as attractive to lawyers of his stamp as it was, and that it is difficult to get lawyers of distinction to take judgeships, or to keep them on the bench, is evidently not due to any change in machinery, for there has been no change in a hundred years. A United States Judge still holds his office for life, and his duties are more important, owing to the great growth of business, than they ever were. It is the surrounding circumstances which have altered. The gains of private practice are so great, and the opportunities afforded by it so numerous, and the emoluments of public employment so small, that the ordinary motives which act upon judges as well as other men drive them out of the public service. We have seen a United States Judge, in our time, promoted from the Federal bench to a law-school professorship, and thence to the service of a railroad corporation, and it is notorious that the judgeship which he abandoned is regarded at Washington as a prize, chiefly because it has furnished a means for two lawyers to get into lucrative private practice. If such has come to be a recognized use for an appointed judicial office, with a life tenure, it is not surprising that in the State courts the figure of the "ex-Judge," promoted to the position of counsel, should be still more common.

If the bench has been subjected to external pecuniary influence to an appreciable degree, the bar, of course, has suffered as much. The career of Mr. Benjamin, however, can hardly be said to be of any value as showing the tendencies of the profession in the United States. His going to England was the accidental result of his connection with the rebellion, and his success there late in life, attri-

buted in the first instance, as it generally was, to the production of an extremely able book on a difficult and important subject, may hint a difference between the condition of the profession in England and the United States; but his distinction was gained as an English, not as an American, lawyer, and was due to causes which would have brought him to eminence in any period or country. Mr. O'Connor, on the contrary, was a product of the American bar, and his life bridges over the interval between the early period, when Webster and Choate were great names, and that of our own times, when it is becoming yearly more difficult to single out men as "leaders" of the bar. He served his apprenticeship while the bench maintained its early vigor, and his most marked peculiarity was his strong sense of professional responsibility—i. e., his professional conscience—which in the case of a lawyer means simply a high sense of duty, not merely, as Lord Brougham persuaded himself, to his client alone, but to the service to which every lawyer pledges himself by a solemn oath at the outset of his career.

There is no reason to doubt that there is just as much ability at the bar now as when O'Connor was a young man, or when Marshall expounded the Constitution. But the condition of the bench makes leadership at the bar in the old sense increasingly difficult. Any one can count up half-a-dozen lawyers of the first rank in New York, who, if they constantly practised before judges of the first rank, would easily settle the question of leadership among themselves by the only possible test. But as a matter of fact they practise before all sorts of judges, from those suspected of corruptibility up to judges whose opinions are quoted with respect all over the world—from judges who have won their places by purchase, fraud, or favor, to judges who have slowly worked their way up to the highest positions exactly as Marshall, Story, and Kent did in their day. In such a condition of the bench it is inevitable that the leadership of the bar should be involved in some confusion and uncertainty. A lawyer may have a great practice and his opinions carry weight in certain courts, owing simply to political influence, which makes judges eager for political favor anxious to please him. The lawyer pitted against him, though professionally his master at every point, may be defeated in spite of his learning and industry and eloquence. In another court a more sinister influence still may keep men who ought to be leaders of the bar fighting for months and years over frivolous points invented with the connivance of a friendly judge to baffle them. The "learning" judge—i. e., the judge who is a well-meaning man, but unqualified at the first for his business, and who has to learn it from the lawyers who practise before him—is a common judicial type in the United States that in O'Connor's younger days was unknown. The struggle for the leadership of the bar before a judge of this sort, who is the pupil of the contestants, often produces curious results. Full of ability as is the American bar to-day, the old professional landmarks are much effaced; and as the great men of the past die off, a new legal order comes more and more into view, and we find it hard, when we com-

pare the theory involved in the traditions of the past with the practice of to-day, to make out what results it will ultimately produce.

CASTS FROM SCULPTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE.

THE great German museums of plaster casts, partly described in the second paper of this series, are weak in sculpture of other than classical epochs. In Dresden the post-classical department of the cast collection is well composed and well housed, but is woefully small. It has its separate entrance from the courtyard of the Zwinger (the classical department being entered from the street), and is well lighted and arranged. Here one sees some little-known sculptures of real merit: the wonderful statues from the western choir of the Cathedral of Naumburg, the bronze doors of Augsburg, some statues and the tympanum from the great door of Freiberg in Saxony, an important statue from the Cathedral of Magdeburg, a fine early sarcophagus from the little-known museum at Trier; but all this is German. Italian art is scarcely represented, and represented in a fashion far too fragmentary; little scraps being given of compositions which are chiefly important in their ensemble. Thus two separate heads are taken from the "Ascension" by Nanni Banco, over one of the north doors of the Florence Cathedral. One can praise unreservedly the selection of the "Jonah" from the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome, and a statue or two from the Florence Bargello; but, on the whole, Italian mediæval sculpture in its boundless variety and varied merit remains undisplayed in Dresden, and even the immense stores left in Italy by the Renaissance are hardly drawn upon. French mediæval art, one may say, is not represented at Dresden at all, nor English, though that is less surprising, nor Spanish, though that is perhaps less important.

At Berlin, of the dozen halls occupied by the cast collection only one large one is devoted to sculpture of post-classical epochs. Here again one may say that the German is the only mediæval architecture which has contributed its sculptural decoration to the museum. The great French schools, early and late, northern and southern, are ignored, nor has the moulder been sent to Verona or Venice, Orvieto or Brescia. Of Renaissance sculpture a more general choice has been made, but it is very uneven, very incomplete—too much of Michael Angelo in comparison with the earlier works, and too little of everything. In fact, these collections of mediæval and Renaissance art give only isolated instances of well-chosen sculptures; for the greater part they are inchoate, and not as yet representative of any school, style, epoch, or people whatever, as if still merely at their feeble beginning. Vienna is not very different in this respect, with its two hundred or so of subjects, though here also one finds things intelligently chosen for their merit and not their celebrity; and Munich has nothing.

There is still the collection at the Trocadéro at Paris, but of this I wish to make a special study, because it was organized expressly to carry out a theory as to the proper form, character, and purpose of museums of art. It would not be fair to Viollet-le-Duc and his coadjutors and successors to study their museum without carefully weighing their published reasons for their action, and comparing these with the result. The whole plan pursued by them is so very novel, and is so important a new departure, that its working out must be considered at length, if at all. The collection includes a splen-

did display of mediæval art of many epochs, not exclusively French, but French in the main, as yet. It represents a very extensive knowledge and a thorough examination of an immense field. The total amount of mediæval sculptures still existing in France is very great, and in general it has been spared by the restorer, even when the building which contains it has been half rebuilt. And this exhibition, which brings together so much of it in Paris, is almost worthy of the occasion and of the place; yet not quite so, for it lacks that which, to be sure, only deep purses could give, but which therefore is the special business of the French Government, with its traditions of free expenditure for artistical purposes—it lacks the completeness of its examples. It is a shame that the statues of Chartres, such as those which decorate the west doorway, and which, in their combination, make up what is perhaps the greatest design in architectural sculpture in Europe—a composition unsurpassed in the way of decorative design, and as unique in character as successful in its realization—should be set up separately, one by one, with breadths of blank gallery-wall between them. The museum contains splendid things, also, which are more or less completely reproduced—the tympanum of Vézelay, archivolt of Rouen, three bays (enough for the purpose) of the stalls of Amiens; it is the more vexatious to have it fail us when completeness is most needed.

But this consideration brings us at once into the very middle of the inquiry which we have really to follow, namely, not what is—for that, as we see, is generally rather a warning than an example, so far as non-classical art goes—but what ought to be. This non-classical art, then, especially needs that its examples should be given in their completeness. Neither is it an escape from this necessity to select and reproduce those examples which are complete within a small compass, simple and single pieces of sculpture. The strength of mediæval and of Cinquecento art is not in these. They are immensely interesting, as we all know; but chiefly so as affording further means of studying that art to which we owe the masterpieces of the time. Let us separate the different epochs in our inquiry. It will be admitted readily that the sculpture of a French cathedral porch of the thirteenth century can only be properly studied when all or much of it is taken together. Its religious or traditional meaning naturally can only be got at in this way; but further, its beauty as a work of art can only be enjoyed fully, or in anything like its fulness, when the whole combined work is before the admirer. Charming qualities of expression and of picturesqueness are to be had in the separate statues, reliefs, or groups, but little is there compared with the magnificence of the complete design. And this is because the art is not principally sculptural, but almost wholly architectural. It is an art which has developed itself slowly out of simple building, by charging the prominent members of the building more and more richly with decorative carving, until at last it shot up suddenly into the splendors of the pointed style. Its workmen had thought little of pure beauty of form, and had no skill in representing the human body, but they were consummate masters of decoration in all or nearly all its manifestations. The process of development is not at all that of sculpture, becoming more and more powerful and complete, and reaching nearer and nearer to independent value. Later for a moment it was partly so, but only for a moment, and only when the traditions of pointed architecture were lost. The development is not of the art of sculpture, but of the art of the decorative designer,

of the architect (as we might say, if the word had not taken a different sense in our time), as of a fiduciary agent charged rather with the expending of large sums of money than with fine designing. From the round-arched opening in the flat wall, with a lintel across beneath the arch, and the semicircular space above carved with a cross, through a hundred steps of slow development, to the three shadowy porches of Reims charged with their ranged saints in order as of battle against the besieging foes of the Church, the growth is that of the doorway. The idea that fills the brain of each designer is primarily that of the door-opening and its proper ornamentation; and it is impossible to urge too strongly the truth that as sculpture grew more scientific and more beautiful in itself, the great art of architecture grew feeble. That very cathedral of Reims is a case in point: there are heads under the great doorway larger than life, and almost Grecian in their beauty; the Chartres artist could never have modelled them, but he would never have hung those wretched curtains under the feet of his rank of saints.

The task of the founder of our cast-museum will be, then, not to fetch a bit from Bruges and a bit from Laon, a statue from Arles and a quatrefoil-relief from Lyons, but to make up his mind which doorway (for instance, and because the doorways are the usual centres of the richest work) he will select, and then to give the whole of it. He must lose so much in losing the heavy wall above, loading the arches, and affording vast spaces of light to contrast the play of shade around his moulded and storied door, that he can afford to lose nothing more.

It will be urged that this is true of classic—even of Greek—art itself. Yes, but it is not so true. The Parthenon sculptures lose a great deal in losing their original place, and no doubt they lose a deal in losing color as well, and all the setting which the Greek artist imagined for them; but then, in the first place, the originals, too, have lost all that. They have never had it for us moderns. We cannot give it back to them, nor even imagine it, nor imagine them as they were when in their original setting. And, secondly, as they are, and in our museums, they contain the most perfect sculptural art that we know or can conceive of. We have, therefore, some reason for putting casts of the Parthenon frieze at a reasonable height above the floor in a well-lighted hall, and in feeling that that is as well as anybody can do. But with the mediæval sculptures it is not so, and we must set them up in their combination as they are, to the best of our poor ability.

Seriously, what some multi-millionaire ought to do for the study of mediæval art is to build in America a model of Chartres Cathedral. The building could be built for a million of dollars, very likely (I don't pretend to have taken out the quantities), and all the sculpture should be cast in plaster from the original, adjusted in place, stained or colored with careful suggestion of the original, and in some way waterproofed; the moulds being preserved to make easy the replacing of any which might fall. But we do not want any rich man to build a new Parthenon for us (unless by way of an experiment, or as a vehicle for different experiments), for we have no knowledge of how to color it, and, uncolored, it would look but little like what the Athenians raised their eyes to from Pericles's death, perhaps, until Hadrian's, perhaps longer. Who knows what the restorers did in those days with buildings that were a little out of repair, or what house-painter was employed, even under Sulla, to spoil the metopes and the friezes?

This is all matter of course, I take it. Nobody will deny the main assertions made above with

regard to mediæval art; but it may not seem equally evident when we come to the developed Renaissance, to the art of the latest years of the fifteenth and of the early sixteenth century. But indeed the difference is only of degree, not of kind. The sculpture of Mino da Fiesole and Luca della Robbia (I take my special favorites among those earliest men) is more sculptural than that of Orcagna; but it is not so very much more, when both are compared with Greek work. Luca, as a man, was capable of anything; with different surroundings he would have known no limits but those of humanity to his achievements as a sculptor. Mino, rather a master of expression than of form, might have carried further than art has yet been able to do the union of expression with sculptural qualities as they approach perfection. But both were men of their epoch, and their work is monumental rather than primarily sculptural. Their place is in

"The chapter room, the cloister porch,
The church's apsis, aisle, or nave,"

and not in museums at all. Indeed, the separate statues or other pieces of sculpture not intended as architectural accessories are few in work of this period. A Saint John the Baptist for a holy-water basin, and similar figures of saints for the choir screen, as at San Zenone and San Marco, although still architectural in their employment, are what the age has to offer as independent sculpture—with the one important addition, not to be forgotten, of portrait busts and a very few portrait statues, equestrian and other.

Not only are the mediæval traditions strong and the classic feeling but a feeble and artificial inspiration with the early men, but their comparative weakness as sculptors is evident in their work, when compared with even the great mass of classic sculpture, and never so evident as when a figure or a bas-relief, disengaged from architectural setting, finds itself in a gallery. The Bargello at Florence is the great witness to this fact. To study that collection of sculpture in bronze, terracotta, and marble: to go from time to time to see antiquity at Rome, or even no further than the inferior show of it in the Uffizzi; to keep in view what the same Renaissance men whose work is before you in the Bargello have left in so many churches, is to realize that the Cinquecento, scarcely less than the mediæval epoch which had just closed, and that Italian scarcely less than French art, requires to be considered as primarily architectural. Later, indeed, things change, and much of the sculpture of the great Jacopo Sansovino was conceived independently of all architectural surroundings, even in cases where the statue was designed for its special place, and this although the man was the first architect of his time. This is true of Michael Angelo to about the same extent. Their own evidence, however, would seem to be in favor of our general argument, for each of them was always striving to compass great designs in which sculpture—even their own highly realistic and developed sculpture—would be combined in architectural compositions; so that even Michael Angelo's perhaps most important statues remain for us in what is his most striking decorative design—the new Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

The conclusion is that the future museum of casts must have great spaces and lofty roofs for its non-classical department. It will be worth all it costs, though. The good effect that museums are capable of has only begun to be imagined or conceived. Even so: museums themselves have only begun to be separated from palace splendors, and to be reasoned about, *a priori*, as a separate and superlatively important means of education. R. STURGIS.

Notes.

CASSELL & Co. will publish immediately 'Day-Dawn in Dark Places; or, Wanderings and Work in Bechwanaland, South Africa,' by the Rev. John Mackenzie, Tutor of Moffat Institution, Kuruman, with numerous illustrations; the autobiography of Arminius Vámbéry, also illustrated; and a new 'Illustrated Guide to Paris,' with a map expressly engraved for this edition.

'The Hollanders in Nova Zembla' (1596-97), a poem from the Dutch of Hendrik Tollens, by the Rev. Daniel Van Pelt; and 'The Life and Times of Gustavus Adolphus,' by John L. Stephens, recently United States Minister at Stockholm, are announced as nearly ready by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

D. Appleton & Co. have in press Mr. Guthrie's 'Giant's Robe'; James Sully's 'Outlines of Psychology, with Special Reference to the Theory of Education'; and 'Reforms, their Difficulties and Possibilities,' by the author of 'Conflict in Nature and Life.'

Fords, Howard & Hulbert will publish under copyright in this country Miss Blanche Roosevelt's new novel, 'Stage-Struck; or, She Would be an Opera Singer.'

Henry Holt & Co. have in press Lady Brassey's new book, 'In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties'; and a translation of Dr. Friedrich Kapp's 'Life of John Kalb,' which has long merited this distinction.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a complete Library Edition in seven volumes, to be published monthly, of the works of Lord Tennyson. The first volume, containing a steel portrait after a photograph by Rejlander, will be published about June 1. A limited edition will also be printed on the best hand-made paper, and will be sold only in sets.

We have received from the National Christian Association, Chicago, a little pamphlet, 'Sketch of the Life of James G. Birney,' by Gen. William Birney. An insert states, on the authority of the editor of the *Christian Cynosure*, that General Birney is engaged, not, as we had hoped, upon a simple life of his father, but "in writing a history of the growth, aggressions, and fall of the Slave Power in the United States, including notices of the prominent pro-slavery and anti-slavery men who figured before Abolition was accomplished"—in short, covering the ground gone over in Vice-President Wilson's well-known work. The same authority states that General Birney is delayed for want of a "complete collection of books and pamphlets relating to slavery," and is desirous to borrow or to buy. A glance at the 'Sketch' shows that delay is wise, for greater misinformation, misconception, misstatement, omission, or suppression is seldom exhibited in so brief a compass. General Birney's address is Washington, D. C.

We owe an apology to Messrs Funk & Wagnalls for stating that their abstract of Sir Samuel Baker's African books of travel, called 'In the Heart of Africa,' had no map. It is small and inconspicuous, and liable to be overlooked, but it is there.

The remainder edition of the sketches of the secret sessions of the first Senate of the United States, edited from the manuscripts of William Maclay, a Senator from Pennsylvania, by the late George W. Harris, has been purchased by James Anglin & Co., Washington, D. C., and is offered at a reduced price.

Mr. George William Curtis's eulogy on the late Wendell Phillips has been printed in plain pamphlet form by Harper & Bros. Seldom have greater tact and discrimination been shown in a similar task than Mr. Curtis displayed under cir-

cumstances of singular delicacy. Only by analyzing the occasion itself, can the merits of this admirable discourse be fully appreciated.

The twenty-third edition of 'Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East,' in three stout red morocco volumes, still testifies to the unwearied touring of its editor, Mr. W. P. Fetridge, who spent last year, he tells us, in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Great Britain, and France. With his customary non-sequitur he immediately adds: "All of these countries have been entirely rewritten"—a censurable use of the perfect definite to indicate an action whose date is wholly indefinite. There is, in fact, no such difference between this year's edition and last year's, or that of the year before, as the statement in question implies. As an editor, Mr. Fetridge maintains an old-time conservatism which is truly refreshing in these days of change.

The generation that lived through the Fugitive Slave Law excitement remembers Mr. Trowbridge's 'Neighbor Jackwood' as a stirring contribution to the special school of fiction at the head of which stood 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Then it had a living interest for boys and girls and their parents; now it may excite the reader less, but will interest him still. The new edition just published by Lee & Shepard takes its place among the better class of American historical, and particularly of New England, novels.

'Out-of-Town Places: with Hints for their Improvement,' is Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's choice of a new title for his 'Rural Studies,' in the uniform edition of his works (Charles Scribner's Sons). The change is openly manifested upon the title, and more explicitly in the preface, where "Ik Marvel" hopes that it will attract a class of readers whom he sincerely desires to benefit. A well-known missionary author in the same field, Mr. E. C. Gardner, has lent his aid in the shape of numerous illustrations, both practical and picturesque.

Mr. N. Ponce de Leon's English-Spanish 'Diccionario Tecnológico' makes progress with its sixth part, which breaks off in the midst of the word *full*. The work is not only of great practical utility for commercial translation, but offers curious comparisons between the two languages in regard to terseness and flexibility. For example, there appears to be no equivalent for the term *fall-board* in Spanish, where we must use a definition three times as long—"puerta engonzada que cierra hacia abajo." So, *drum-head* of a *traversing platform* is "sillar que se coloca con un perno para el giro del marco de esplanada."

Ten more numbers of the chromo edition of Brehm's 'Thierleben' (B. Westermann & Co.) include the 130th part, and conclude the tenth volume. The colored plates of the crustacea, the coral and the sponge, the nautilus, of many curious and vividly-beautiful sea-forms, will rank with anything that has gone before in this series; and the same may be said of the woodcuts, many of which are striking in a high degree.

Mr. Astor has lately presented to the Astor Library two illustrated manuscripts—one an evangelistary, supposed to have been made for Charles the Bald; the other a missal of the fifteenth century, formerly belonging to St. Stephen's Chapel, London. Also, a perfect manuscript on vellum of Wyklif's New Testament, containing the autograph of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Besides these, the gift embraces two works from the press of Fust & Schöffer, derived from the Sunderland sale, and dated 1459 and 1462 respectively; Coverdale's Bible in black letter, 1535; a Latin Bible, inscribed "Jo Grolerii et amicorum"; and Eliot's Indian Bible, with the English title and dedication.

Pleasant information about Elzevirs is given, with the aid of illustrations, by Mr. A. Lang in the June number of Cassell's *Magazine of Art*. Having occasion to speak of Elzevirian piracy, and to extenuate it on account of its daintiness, Mr. Lang protests that "the Yankee pirate dresses you in rags, prints you murderously, and binds you, if he binds you at all, in some hideous example of New York or Boston 'cloth extra,' all gilt, like archaic gingerbread." Three well-engraved portraits of busts of Molière and of Gluck, and a statue of Voltaire, by Houdon, accompany an article on "Sculpture at the Comédie Française" in the same number.

No. 30 of the Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute possesses exceptional value by reason of two papers on important themes. Dr. Emil Bessels reviews the exploration of Smith Sound, and after a crushing exposure of Lieutenant Howgate's ambitious intrigues, which ended in the despatch of the Greely Expedition, considers the chances and the ways and means of delivering the imperilled band. It is made quite apparent that the scheme was suggested to Howgate by Nares's discovery of a seam of tertiary coal in Lady Franklin Bay. The other paper we referred to is one by Lieut. J. B. Murdock, U. S. N., in criticism of the late Mr. Fox's monograph of the landfall of Columbus. Both these articles are accompanied by valuable maps, and Lieutenant Murdock gives a translation of the passages in Columbus's journal that bear upon the question under discussion.

J. W. Bouton sends us the Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon for 1884, valuable, as usual, for its memoranda of the art work of the year, and for the list of contributors. The black-and-white sketches vary greatly in their intrinsic importance as in their thoroughness. Some are noticeably clever translations. The subjects have the customary range—say, from the bottled baby upwards. The *revanche* motives are perhaps fewer than of late years. The portraits that arrest attention are also, in this selection, not numerous.

John Woolman figures in the current installment of the article, "Friends in Burlington [N. J.]," in the March issue of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*. It appears from the minutes of August 1, 1763, that he, "being returned from his visit to some religiously disposed Indians up Susquehannah, informed the last meeting that he was treated kindly, and had had satisfaction in his visit." The incident is well known to readers of his 'Journal.' Part of a letter of his, censuring the "gay" furniture of a female friend, is also printed, and some characteristic stories related of his cautiousness of speech and disinterested service.

In the report of the Chief of Ordnance for 1883 one finds a number of topics which would be thought extraneous, and which possess a general interest, such as the making of illuminating gas from petroleum, the preparation of vegetable fibres for brush material, the use of special rubber type to supersede stencilling, etc. Here, too, is reprinted Professor A. Geikie's praise of Captain C. E. Dutton's 'Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District.' Appendix 7 shows the distribution of ordnance and ordnance stores to colleges and universities, while appendix 8 records the following formidable armament as having been bestowed on the Public Printer, viz., 12 Colt's revolvers, 12 revolver holsters, 12 waist belts and plates, 96 revolver ball cartridges.

M. Raoul Frary, who some time ago suddenly achieved fame by his 'Le Péril national,' has again attracted considerable attention by a 'Manuel du Démagogue,' a satirical work on the political life and national foibles of the French. It pretends to be a book of instruction

for the young son of an old friend, whom his father desires to be taught the ways by which popularity and political success and influence can most easily be won. The author, complying with this wish, tells the ambitious youth all he knows of the people, the present sovereign dispenser of public honors and benefices, of politics as a profession and arena, and of the ways of demagogues in general, and especially those of France in the present period. The proneness of the people to be seduced by sonorous professions, false pathos, and hollow declamation, and the vulgar tricks daily used in playing on the Frenchman's vanity, gullibility, instinct of imitation, and love of equality and centralized power, are brought into sharp relief by incisive strokes of satire. The Parisians receive special castigation for their political vices.

We have seldom met with a more amusing lot of blunders in time and type than this announcement contains, from *Das Magazin für die Literatur* for April 26: "O. W. Holms ist unermüdlich. Das neueste Werk des überaus fleissigen Autors ist: *The Pochat the Breakfast Table*. Leipzig, Taubnitz edition."

Dr. Karl Kehrbach, known as editor of the works of Kant, Fichte, and Herbart, has, after many years' preparation, undertaken the editorship of a vast collection of writings on German education, to be known as "*Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica*," and to be complementary to the famous "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*," of which, under the direction of Pertz and his successor Waitz, upward of thirty volumes have appeared. A. Hofmann, of Berlin, is to be the publisher. An idea of the extent of the scheme may be formed from the announcement of contributions already promised. They embrace the school regulations in historical order of Brunswick, Saxon Transylvania, and the Baltic Provinces; the catechetic writings of Agricola; the '*Scholarium Fundamentum*' of Remigius of Auxerre; the grammars of Chrysoloras, Gaza, and Lascaris; characteristic school comedies; documents on princely education in the Ernestine branch of the House of Saxony; and writings on geographical instruction in the sixteenth century, on Erasmus, Melancthon, etc. The list of contributors includes Eckstein, Giesebrecht, Köstlin, Wattenbach, Werner, Zarneke, and many other names of well-known historians and educators.

The fourteen-inch telescope mounted some time since at the Observatory of Nice, France, has lately enabled M. Perrotin, the director of the institution, and Messrs. Thollon & Lockyer to make an observation of Saturn which will have an important bearing on the theory of the constitution of the rings of that planet. On the 16th of March, under most exceptionally favorable atmospheric conditions, the outer ring of Saturn appeared to be composed of three distinct rings, the innermost being the broadest and the outermost the narrowest, the differences of breadth being, however, only slight. At the moments of best vision each of these rings showed striae which gave the impression that they consisted of numerous divisions. Two days later, when the definition was exceedingly good, Uranus presented a general appearance to some extent similar to that of Mars, dark spots being seen toward the centre of the disk, and at a certain point on its edge a white spot, recalling the Martial poles. Different parts of the disk were also observed to be marked by a difference of tint, bluish-white predominating in one hemisphere.

—The first attempt to collate the various notices of the sea-serpent of Cape Ann since he was first reported in 1639 as coiled up on a rock in that vicinity, is made in the current *Atlantic*,

and the comparison develops a force in the evidence that would remove him, if any evidence could, from the realm of the miraculous into that of the scientific. In fact, he has now become a real creature to the eye, for if he has not been photographed exactly he has been sketched from the life by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, and his flat turtle head looks out from the usually unillustrated pages with a mildness of expression that is suggestive of a zoological garden. This drawing was made on the 31 of July, 1875, on the yacht *Princess*, which followed the serpent for two hours off Nahant. He was seen several times during that summer, and again off Gloucester in 1877 by Mr. George Wasson, the painter. The number and character of the witnesses, the pile of sworn affidavits, and the favorable circumstances under which many of the observations were made, are skilfully insisted on by the author, especially in his summary of the evidence for this century. But what convincing power lies in the testimony is due to its peculiar and striking consistency. The creature is described nearly always in the same way—an elongated eel-like body, with protuberances on the back, a dorsal fin, and at least two flippers, a thin neck, white throat, black lizard-like head, black eyes. Its motions of the head and of the body, and its habits, are characterized likewise with little variations; its perfect harmlessness, in particular, is a striking quality in a legendary monster. The author's conclusion is that no doubt of the actual existence of this summer visitor on the North Shore of Massachusetts is tenable; he is neither a delusion nor an imposition. Indeed, he is not a sea serpent at all, according to this writer, who puts forth his opinion, however, with great caution, and merely ventures the suggestion that he is "a cetacean animal, which, if not an actual zeuglodon, has many affinities with that creature." A zeuglodon bears the same relation to whales that eels do to fishes. The study (considering the transitory nature of much of the material) is thorough, and will interest popular curiosity even if it fails to overcome popular incredulity on this topic.

—The other articles show that hot weather and a Presidential campaign are imminent. In the fiction a Western story, '*Wentworth's Crime*,' by Mr. Frank Parks, is noticeable since it puts new territory under tribute, and illustrates the variety of the resources that our own country affords its novelists. In this tale, which is marked by its careful structure and the skill with which nature is truthfully used to tone down the coarseness and elevate the trivialities of a too narrow realism, the interest of the prairie as a romantic motive and the actual life of the dwellers there, in all its crudity, are blended in a way to suggest new possibilities for fiction that takes its local color from beyond the Missouri. The miner and the bandit have had it too much their own way on the border, in books as in fact. It is of more interest now to know how ordinary humanity looks out there in the face of new and picturesque scenes; and a slight sketch, even like this, not only has a refreshing novelty, but is a sign of the future.

—In *Harper's*, also, there are two articles, unfortunately not stories, which enforce on a reflective mind the variety and charm of the picturesque element in our past which has been, comparatively speaking, but slightly utilized in our fiction, and, if Cooper be excepted, may be said to have been disregarded. The first is Colonel Higginson's narrative of the early emigration along the waterways of the Mohawk and the Ohio, with its quick suggestion of color, humor, and adventure; and the second is Mr. Butler's description of the shore of Lake Superior, where, long before the Revolution, the

monks had given history a fine beginning, and where after it the first transcontinental explorers, and the trappers and voyageurs, had made a chapter of which our version in imaginative literature is of the slightest. Daniel Boone, as Colonel Higginson says, is a genuine American Robin Hood, and the spirit and gayety of the French adventurers have, as Mr. Butler points out, something of the Norman strain. The solid article of *Harper's*, however, is the long and minute account of the organization and methods of business of the New York Custom-house, which will do much to define to the public the great place that institution has occupied in the field of politics, and which may also impress on the rural mind the far-reaching influence of the tariff by its concrete and luminous exposition of how duties are collected. The statistics, too, exhibit the state of American shipping in a brief, wide, bird's-eye view as it were. Altogether, in addition to the comprehensive information it contains, this paper has a great and timely value as an illustration of the working of our institutions and legislation in many ways. An article on Sheffield is illustrated, chiefly by Joseph Pennell, in a manner decidedly in advance of anything we have seen of this artist's drawings hitherto. These have distinctly a greater completeness as design, and a grasp of general effect which none of his earlier work has had; and the opening one, "*A Corner*," and "*A Bit of Old Sheffield*," are excellent in their vein.

—We recently had occasion to call attention to the manufacture of spurious *chefs d'œuvre* of great masters, through which we are threatened with a general inundation of counterfeit canvases. There is another kind of fabrication which is likely to be as dangerous to the finances of inexperienced collectors as the former. This is in the studios fabrication of spurious reputations. The art by which it is done is more subtle and less assailable legally. It is generally, if not always, the operation of European dealers, who, having made contracts with painters not in public grace yet, force them into reputation by persistent puffery, mainly in journals which they control or own, or by raising the prices of their works by an ingenious system of sales at auction in which their prices steadily increase. This is done thus: The dealer, A, having sold a picture by one of his "own artists," X, to a client, B, with the guarantee that if he ever wishes to sell it again, he will get an advance on the price he paid for it, goes to C, who wants to invest safely in pictures, and, assuring him of the security of any investment in the works of X, gets the order to buy something of his. When the picture comes to the hammer again it is sold for an advance on the last price, and if A has found a third customer, D, to order him to buy it for him, which is most likely to be the case, it goes into a new collection under the same conditions. If not, it goes into the stock of A, for sale as the work of a man whose value is rising, as is shown by the previous sales, and, with a modicum of attractiveness, makes a tremendous run in time, the values in many cases rising to three or four times the first price paid within as many years, the dealer getting his commission as a safe broker at every sale, and the last owner before the reaction (which is in a large majority of cases certain to come sooner or later) paying the penalty of the aggregate credulity.

—This is no picture of the imagination, but an actual statement of affairs within the knowledge of any one in the secrets of the English picture trade. Of course, with time, the artists so exalted find their level, and the spurious reputation which has represented so much money value disappears, for it is very rarely the case that the dealers are clear-sighted enough

to select the immortals as their protégés, and we see that neither Turner, whose pictures have been one of the most profitable investments ever made in their kind, or Millet, scarcely less so, acquired the grace of the dealers, and themselves never saw the prices which their works have lately brought. If a dealer in 1840 had been wise enough to foresee the future greatness of Millet and had rescued him from poverty, he would have deserved the fortune he would have acquired. They are always the little men, with superficial qualities, who catch the eye of the dealers (rarely good judges of art), and whose pictures lend themselves most readily to the delusion of people who have money to spend and no art education to direct the spending of it. This leaves the great prizes after all to the genuine connoisseur and amateur—i. e., the man who at once knows and loves art. The painters who have been forced into spurious and temporary greatness by this process of nursing reputations are more numerous than the public would believe or than we should care to say. Celebrity has grown cheap, and is worth as much as cheap things generally are. A man who knows nothing about art is as blind an investor in pictures as a speculator in railway shares who knows nothing of railway statistics, and is as easily taken by the auctioneer's assurance that the celebrated A. B. C. pupil of D. E. F., is one of the greatest painters of the day and a rising luminary, as is the most naïf countryman by the confidence man.

—The Society for Photographing Relics of Old London has just published its tenth year's issue, which, whether designedly or by chance, admirably exemplifies the various lines in which the previous issues have run. For instance, the notable series of inns is continued by two views of "Old Bell," Holborn, which "still retains something of its renown as a coaching inn," and figures in William Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." The view of its narrow yard will compare favorably in picturesqueness with any of its predecessors. Or take old houses of chiefly wooden construction: here is one in Fore Street, of a type very rare, we are told, in London, which probably antedates the Great Fire, and stands on the corner of Milton Street (none other than the literary-historical Grub Street, with an altered name). Here, again, are two wood and stucco fronts with bay-windows, on Fleet Street, likewise surviving witnesses of the conflagration, which stopped, on the north side of Fleet Street, at Fetter Lane; and in one of these, tradition says, the poet Dayton lived. Churches form another division, to which is now added a view of St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal, on the site of a college foundation of Lord Mayor Whittington's: whence the name of College Street for the narrow roadway that furnishes a charming perspective to Wren's design. Finer still is the view (No. 88) of the well-proportioned tower of St. Giles, Cripplegate, seen above a row of quaint two-story houses: a singularly well-lighted photograph, with the early dawn creeping down into the silent street. Do we, perhaps, seek architectural details? We have them in several fine doorways—the noblest, that of Innholders' Hall, shown incidentally in the vista of College Street, and again for its own sake on a larger scale; another from the same neighborhood, College Hill, the grandiose carved entrance of some merchant's house; finally, twin doorways of 1703, with bold corbelled overhanging hoods, and with richly carved jambs and lintels. These last are very effective. Architectural, too, is the grand staircase of the house No. 10, Austin Friars, whose existence would not be guessed from the plain exterior presented in No. 91; and yet it recalls, with an interval,

staircases in the Charterhouse and in Ashburnham House. A dignified relic of Great Winchester Street in the days (at the beginning of the eighteenth century) when it was full of the homes of merchant princes, is that exhibited in No. 90, with its paved courtyard, its hospitable flight of steps, and the angle which suggests great possibilities of inner arrangement. The ten views thus briefly described bring the total number up to 96, and no other set has been better worth the annual guinea. A sheet of letter-press is now a regular accompaniment of the photographs, which are permanent. We must again commend the series to our architects in particular, who, so far as we have observed, do not seem to be aware of it. The honorary secretary of the Society is Mr. Alfred Marks, 155 Adelaide Road, London, N. W.

—In speaking of Matthew Arnold's 'Isaiah of Jerusalem' (No. 982 of the *Nation*), we gave his view of the style in which translations from the Bible should be made: "The old version is not to be departed from without necessity. . . . Only mistakes, real mistakes, should be corrected, and they should be corrected gently." Rev. T. K. Cheyne, in his introduction to the translation of 'The Book of Psalms,' contributed by him to the "Parchment Library"—a very neat collection, of which the Appletons are the American publishers—dissents from that view, on the ground that the old rendering "does but convey that part of the meaning and the charm which was accessible to the men of the sixteenth century." And though his ambition as a translator, as was Matthew Arnold's as an editor, is to make the Biblical work presented anew to English readers "enjoyable," he evidently cares much less for the charm than for the meaning of the original. The first verse of his translation shows how ready he is to depart from the Authorized Version for the sake of something more conformable to the verbal meaning—though not to the logical sense—of the Hebrew. The old version's "man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners," becomes a "man that has not walked" "nor stood" there, although in the closely following "But in the law of Jehovah is his delight," we see the man in the present. Mr. Cheyne's rendering of verse 3 is superior to the old both in diction and in sense. His godly man "is like a tree planted by water-courses, that brings forth its fruit in due season, and whose leaf withers not," while the old version has this: "He shall be like a tree by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither." In lines like the last all the charm of the Hebrew wording is lost. But so it is also in "God is gone up with a shout" (Ps. xlvii. 5), or in "he giveth his beloved sleep" (cxxxvii. 2), which Mr. Cheyne leaves unaltered; in "the bread of painfulness" (*ibid.*), which he substitutes for "the bread of sorrows"; in his "Yea, do thou behold with glad eyes the good fortune . . ." (cxxxviii. 5), all of which stands for two short Hebrew words; or in his "the bed of my couch" (cxxxii. 3), which is not even correct as a literal rendering. The Authorized Version has, in the latter instance, simply "my bed," and it also says, with commendable freedom, "Both low and high" (xlxi. 2), where Mr. Cheyne uses the loose paraphrase "Both those of low and those of high degree." It would, however, be a much easier task to pick out instances in which Mr. Cheyne's translation has the merit both of greater correctness and pleasanter diction. He here and there follows critically corrected texts, doing so, however, with moderation and discrimination. His introduction is both instructive and attractive.

—It is a trifle difficult for any one who does not know how quickly a new fancy takes root in Paris, and how widely it spreads, to understand the very strong hold on the affections of the Parisians obtained by the fashion of reciting monologues. The monologue is a very Proteus: it may be an ordinary recitation; it may be the telling of a versified anecdote; it may be the acting of a comedieta in one act and with only one part; it may be more than any one of these, or it may be less. In France just now the monologue has driven out the *chansonnette*. Things which may be said or sung, and which would formerly have been sung, are now said. To entertain an evening party, resort is had not to the singer, amateur or professional, but to the monologist, amateur or professional. Not that the singer is banished, but he is cast into the background by the monologist. At the great receptions of the French capital, M. Faure is not as welcome as either of the Coquelins, to whose talent the surprising vogue of the monologue is in great measure due. The elder has popularized many fine poems by new writers, which, but for him, might have been read by the critics only. His range is as extended as his skill is unequalled. From the tenderest pathos to the most humorous comedy, from the simplest emotion to the most fiery passion, M. Coquelin is master of the monologue in all its forms. M. Coquelin *cadet* is wont to confine himself to one string—the broadly farcical; and one of the best of his efforts, 'L'Obsession,' by M. Charles Cros, is an adaptation of Mark Twain's 'Literary Nightmare,' the "Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care." These brothers are the first to issue a guide for amateur monologists. 'L'Art de dire le Monologue' (Paris: Ollendorf; New York: F. W. Christern) may be recommended to all who wish to "speak a piece." The discussion of the proper principles of the delivery of verse should be studied by all who are anxious to read aloud or to recite: it reinforces and extends the suggestions of M. Legouvé's admirable little book on the art of reading. The title-page of 'L'Art de dire le Monologue' is adorned with profile portraits of the two authors.

—Everybody who has made the attempt knows the difficulty of acquiring a good knowledge of Russian: those who have persisted in their effort know how exasperatingly hard it is to learn to accent the proper syllables. "In this respect," Mackenzie Wallace justly remarks, "Russian is more puzzling than Greek, for two reasons: firstly, it is not customary to print Russian with accents; and secondly, no one has yet been able to lay down precise rules for the transposition of the accent in the various inflections of the same word." Russians also find it hard to master the difficulties of English accentuation, but then monosyllabic words are ten times as numerous in English as in the Slavic tongues; for in these even what is a monosyllable in the nominative singular, for instance, becomes lengthened in other cases and in the plural, and in Russian there is no general rule to tell which syllable of the lengthened word is to be accented. Thus *voïn*, warrior, becomes *voïna* in the genitive singular, and *voïny* and *voïnakh* in plural cases, while other similar nouns will have the accent, for no assignable reason, throughout on the penultimate or the last syllable. For *hand* and *hands* you have *ruka*, *ru'ku*, *rukya*, *ru'ki*, *ruka'm*, etc., while *sluga*, servant, shows only two transpositions. The difficulty can only be approximately stated, if we say that it is like what a Russian would have to contend with if, in studying English, he had not only to avoid readings like "Histo'ry of the Roman Empire," "Waver'ley Novels," or "Gospel' of St. Matthew," and to distinguish between *contest'* and *con'test*, *pros-*

pect' and prospect, and the like, but also to learn arbitrary shiftings of the accent like the following, if such also existed in English: Stud'y, studies', studi'est, studying', re'study, unstudied', stu'dious, studiously, student'. Diligent association with Russians, a good teacher, and diligent reading of metrical poetry will, of course, be found to be the means of gradually, though perhaps never completely, overcoming the foreigner's perplexity in the study. But a useful and pleasant additional help is offered by an accented library of Russian standard works, in prose and poetry, started a few years ago in Berlin, under the title 'Collection Manassewitsch' (the name of the editor). In this remarkably neat and clear edition every word of more than one syllable is accented. The collection appears in numbers of thirty-two pages each, of which nearly thirty have appeared, containing masterpieces of Pushkin, Lermontoff, Turgeneff, and Gogol. Works by Koltzoff, Nekrasoff, Tolstoi, and Grigorovitch are to follow.

—The Italian schools and institutions of learning outside of Italy form the subject of an interesting article in the last number of the *Nuova Antologia*. These schools and institutions are scattered over an immense area, embracing many of the European States, the Ottoman Empire, the regions of the extreme Orient, the shore of Roman Africa and both Americas. In Europe the Balkan Peninsula particularly is rich in Italian colonies, whose only tie with the motherland and the mother tongue is the patriotic cultivation of the Italian language. The shores of the Black Sea show numerous settlements of Italians; the Eastern Mediterranean, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, are dotted with towns and villages where Italian is currently spoken as the language of commerce; and a numerous and powerful current of Italian emigration has streamed out through the Pillars of Hercules and impinged upon the coasts of Brazil, Uruguay, Buenos Ayres, and Chili. To bind all this widely separated mass together and unite it firmly to the Kingdom of Italy by at least the sentimental tie of association, the Italian Government is pursuing an enlightened and liberal policy of granting subsidies in money and books to the schools founded by expatriated Italians in these varied regions. In 1880 it expended 109,110 lire in assisting institutions of learning in the east and west. In 1882 the sum was raised to 179,000 lire, which went to aid in the education of 80,000 Italian children living in foreign lands. During the present year it is believed that the sum will reach 300,000 lire, not counting the munificent provision of school-books, maps, school furniture, and pedagogical material contributed by the Government. Not to be forgotten in this record of an interesting attempt to cultivate the *sentimento dell'italianità* abroad are the noble efforts of the numerous missionary sisterhoods, the Franciscan friars, and the other emissaries of a vast ecclesiastico-educational establishment.

—The last number of the *Mittheilungen des deutschen archäologischen Institutes in Athen* for 1883 is one of special interest. The article on the Athena Parthenos of the Ermitage at St. Petersburg is illustrated by full-sized phototypes of two gold medallions, which give us, according to the author of the paper, Gangolf Kieseritzky, not only the most faithful and complete representation of the head of the Parthenos, but also the oldest copies and those not far removed in time from the original. Not less important is the advantage which the material possesses. We see the gold style in which the Parthenos was wrought, whereas the other reproductions translate after a fashion the gold into marble. The variations in detail from the other copies

are all of the highest interest, but cannot be presented here. The resemblance of the face to that of the Varvakion statuette is very striking, but the eyes are wider open, and there is more power, more divinity in the St. Petersburg medallions. Kieseritzky complains that the "mildness" of the countenance has been turned into sternness by the photograph, but every one has had a like experience in his own case. It is enough that the goddess is not hopelessly *bourgeoise*, as she seems to be in the front view of the Varvakion statuette, to judge again by the photographs.

—Another article of interest, "Inscriptions of Tralleis" (in English), is the work of a young American scholar, Dr. J. R. S. Sterrett, who is attached to the American School at Athens, and who has done good service from the beginning under the administration of Professor Goodwin, and especially during the much-regretted illness of Professor Packard, the present director. Doctor Sterrett was travelling last summer with Mr. Ramsay, under the auspices of the Asia Minor Exploration Fund, and the two energetic scholars, happening to be in Tralleis, saw and coveted, as other scholars had seen and coveted, "six inscriptions which are built into the wall of the great ruin known now as the Uch Geuz—the Three Eyes or Arches." Frequent attempts had been made to read them with a glass, but the letters were too small and the stones too high. So the Anglo-American duumvirate proceeded to have a ladder constructed, and with "great difficulty and considerable danger" the copying was accomplished. Doctor Sterrett is evidently saddened by the thought that it was impossible to take impressions under the circumstances. The reader will be content with the spirit in which the work was accomplished, and not lament that nothing more was done. These six inscriptions, with fifteen others, are carefully edited, and will add to Doctor Sterrett's reputation as an epigraphist.

SAM HOUSTON.

Life and Select Literary Remains of Sam Houston of Texas. By William Cary Crane, D.D., LL.D. Two vols. in one. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

THE REV. DR. CRANE'S biography of Sam Houston is a simply-solemn affair, considering the nature of his subject. Its tone might be described as that of a campaign life of a popular missionary, or a voluminous tract dealing with an historical subject, so frequently are the styles of the literary bureau and the homily—both of a rather antiquated date—blended. The number of times in which Houston becomes the "inspired hero" and "governs destiny" in various forms of Providential direction and purpose is beyond count, and the tone of apostrophe and solemn disquisition, particular eulogy and general appeal to the unregenerate, is maintained on every page. It would perhaps be unjust to say that nothing new is contributed to the accessible means of information regarding the life of Sam Houston in this ponderous volume, but it would be hardly too much to say that there was as little as possible. Except in a remarkable chapter concerning his experience of religion and the arguments which convinced him of his worthiness to partake of the communion, and the collection of some of his talks and letters to Indians, which are all that are of any value in his "literary" remains or his state papers (except as materials for history), there is very little that is calculated to give an intelligent idea of the singular character of Houston, although the romance of his career could not be concealed even by a genius for dulness. But the rarity with which

any revelation of individuality is allowed to appear is rather exasperating, and the biographer takes pride in suppressing all anecdotes for fear of "wounding personal feelings." He is, indeed, obliged to admit that Houston sometimes "indulged to excess," and that he abandoned civilized life to live with the Indians; but his guarded words hardly suggest Houston's condition as a degraded white man among savages, and there is only a single and almost involuntary glimpse of the theatrical element in his character, when it is admitted that his fits of passion and anger, like those of his great model and exemplar, Andrew Jackson, were sometimes stimulated for effect. As a specimen of the carelessness or the confusion of the author, it is sufficient to say that he talks of the Highland or Gaelic ancestry of Houston, when he was of that sturdy Lowland stock, hardened and heated by the colonizing warfare in Ireland, which produced Jackson and so many others of the notable figures in our early history.

Sam Houston was born in March, 1793, of an emigrant Irish family, which had fought at the siege of Derry, and represented on the female side the Scotch houses of Davidson and Dunlop, and had settled in Rockbridge County, Va. His father had been an officer in the war of the Revolution, but the family by position and habit was of the pioneer rather than of the planter class, and a cabin in a clearing was probably the extent of its possessions. On the death of Major Houston, which occurred when Sam was thirteen years of age, the widow gathered up her family and her small belongings, and migrated with a party of neighbors to East Tennessee, on the bank of the Tennessee River, then the boundary of advanced settlement upon the border of the Cherokee country. Mrs. Houston was a woman of uncommon vigor, self reliance, and natural ability, and from the physique of both parents the son inherited the brawny frame and the almost incredible strength of constitution which sustained him through terrible and wasting wounds, and hardly less trying exposure and excesses. The anecdotes of his youth are probably somewhat apocryphal, but he undoubtedly manifested the zeal and energy of a quick mind, the hasty temper, and the fondness for wild nature and the habits of savage life which always distinguished him. It is said that his imagination was so inflamed with the spirit of Homeric courage and poetry breathing through the conventional restraint of Pope's translation, that he was able to repeat the 'Iliad' by heart; and that he was so indignant because the pioneer teacher could not instruct him in Greek, that he ran away from home and went to live among the Cherokees, whose boys and girls had been his playmates and friends. At any rate, he did run away and join the Indians when a mere youth, and after a brief experience as clerk in a trader's store. The reply which he is said to have made to his brothers, who came in search of him, that he "preferred measuring deer tracks to measuring tape," was entirely characteristic of his grandiloquence and appreciation of theatrical effect, and, if an invention, was not an extravagant one. It is to be said that the Cherokees were by no means the degraded savages that many of the tribes were, and that to live with them and adopt their manners and customs, did not signify the degree of degradation that it would for a white man to take up his abode in a Sioux or Ute tepee. They have always been marked as the most civilized and intelligent among the Indian tribes. At this time they lived mainly by agriculture, and had fixed habitations, while they had rapidly assimilated the civilization of their white neighbors, and were beginning to be mingled in blood with the adventurous pioneers who had settled among

them. Nevertheless, in language and habit they were essentially barbaric in their ways, and it is very probable, as is usual in such cases, that Houston was more Indian than the Indians themselves.

He remained among them for three years, perfectly acquiring their language, which is of so rare accomplishment that it is said never to have been done by an adult. When he reappeared in civilization his ambition and his intellectual faculties required food, and he devoted himself with energy and eagerness to self-instruction. He taught a pioneer school while educating himself according to the limited opportunities of the time and place. But the longing for adventure again became too much for him. He enlisted as a private soldier in the regular army, and by natural ability and zeal was promoted through the grades to the rank of ensign. At this time the Creek war, which had been fomented partly by the eloquence of Tecumseh and partly by the aggressions of the whites, broke out. General Jackson commanded the mixed army of regulars, volunteers, and allied Indians, among whom were a body of Houston's old friends, the Cherokees. At the battle of Tohopeka, or Horse Shoe Bend, Houston displayed that desperate gallantry which distinguished him through life, and won him the good will of Jackson, which he always retained. He led repeated charges upon the breastworks, and had already been severely wounded when he headed the final assault upon the last fastness of the desperate warriors, in which he fell with two rifle balls in his shoulder and an arm shattered by his side. When taken out of the *mêlée* he was given up as hopeless by the rude surgery of the time, and remained without attention through the night. His tenacious vitality sustained life through a journey to Fort William in a litter, and thence in a two months' journey to his mother's home, where he arrived such a skeleton that she declared that she would not have known him except for his eyes. For more than a year his iron constitution struggled with the festering wounds, unskillfully treated, and to the day of his death they were never healed, although they apparently had little effect upon his strength until he reached a late old age. After his recovery he was promoted lieutenant, and received an appointment as sub-agent among the Indians. After brief service he was accused of preventing the smuggling of negroes into the Western States from Florida, then a Spanish province, and indignantly resigned. It is interesting at this point to note that the reverend author leaves us somewhat in doubt whether he means to deny the truth of the charge, or to commend Houston for being guilty of the offence of defending the negro against what was probably a sort of land piracy. But although Houston was naturally a pro-slavery man, he was no abettor of slave-catchers, and his warm sympathies would naturally have been enlisted against the cruelties of kidnapping and smuggling.

On quitting the army service, Houston betook himself to the study of the law, the natural resource of the ambitious young man of his time. He was embarrassed with various difficulties of poverty and lack of education, but the requirements of the Southwestern bar in the way of study of authorities were not onerous, and in a very short time he was licensed to practise, and set up an office in Lebanon, Tenn. The records of his triumphs at the bar have not been recorded, although his biographer would give the impression that they were considerable. They were doubtless such as could be won at the local courts and from country juries by an advocate with a ready speech and a knowledge of human nature such as Houston possessed. He soon blos-

somed into a politician, was elected a major-general of the Tennessee militia, and a member of Congress in 1823, when thirty years of age. An amusing chapter is devoted to his Congressional career, almost wholly with reference to the legislative events of the time, in which, so far as appears, he took no sort of part, and certainly not a more conspicuous or influential one than that of a silent member from a rural district. He was a zealous supporter of Jackson in peace, as he had been in war; but, although less eccentric and of a higher class of mind and self-education than his colleague, David Crockett, he was doubtless only the backwoods politician among the leading statesmen of the time. In 1827 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and two years later occurred that remarkable episode in his career which at first threatened to degrade and ruin him forever, but was finally the cause of his greatest achievements. He had been married about three months to an "amiable and accomplished" young lady, and there had been no appearance of any unhappiness. Suddenly they separated, Mrs. Houston going home to her parents. All sorts of rumors were rife as to the cause, but the secret was never divulged by either. Perhaps the most credible rumor has finally settled on the explanation that, in a moment of pique or despair, Mrs. Houston confessed that her heart belonged to another and that she had never loved her husband. No allegation was ever made of misconduct on either side, and Houston's habits at the time were not irregular beyond those of his class. Houston was of an impulsive and passionate nature—what is called in Southern parlance "high-strung"—and such a confession would have been very likely to upset him. At any rate, he announced his intention of resigning his office as Governor of Tennessee, and carried it out in a manly and dignified letter. He made no reply to the remonstrances or the accusations, and prepared to retreat to the wilderness among his old friends, the Cherokees, a portion of whom had settled in the Indian Territory in advance of the compulsory removal of the tribe. Here, on the banks of the Bayou Illinois, flowing into the Arkansas, lived his adopted father, the old chief John Jolly, or Ooloo-tee-kah. To his cabin Houston made his way after the long and tedious journey with a flat boat of Indian supplies, and received, according to tradition, a friendly and pathetic welcome. The Indian nature could sympathize with his sorrows, and the hospitality of fosterage was open to him.

Houston's second residence among the Indians marked his lowest decadence. Whatever sympathy he may have had by nature with wild life, and however grateful may have been the solitude of the forest and prairie to his wounded spirit, it was not possible that he should forget the position he had held, or drown the higher instincts of civilization in the rude life of the savage. He sank very low in habits of self-indulgence, took up with an Indian wife, and was hardly above the level of the "squaw-men" who have infested the Indian camps in a voluntary degradation greater than that of their hosts. This would not be quite true in every sense, for Houston had weight in the councils of the tribe, and was regarded more as one of themselves than an alien guest. At one time he accompanied a delegation of the tribe to Washington, and discredited himself by appearing in the blanket and buckskins of his associates. His mission was to protest against the robberies committed upon the tribes by the agents, and a savage attack was made upon his character and integrity by the friends of the Indian Ring. This he resented by committing a violent assault upon Mr. Stanberry, of Ohio, within the

Capitol grounds, knocking him down with a bickory cane. For this he was reprimanded in a complimentary manner by the Speaker, and fined \$500 by the courts, which was remitted by the President, the affair being championed by the Jackson party, then paramount. The charges against Houston's integrity were thoroughly disproved before a committee, of which Mr. Stanberry was chairman, and there never was any reasonable allegation throughout his career that he was not the honest, zealous, and intelligent friend of the Indians, whom he knew so well, and whose character he thoroughly appreciated. On his return to the Territory he continued his course of self-abasement, keeping a little trading store across the river from Fort Gibson, and spending a great deal of his time drunk about the cantonment. All this is passed over almost silently by Mr. Crane.

After three years of Indian life, the news began to stir the Western frontier of the rising of Texas, which had been colonized to a slight extent by Austin's party, under the authority of the Mexican Government, and was attracting the eyes of adventurous Americans and the distrust and apprehension of the Mexican authorities claiming sovereignty over it. Houston's better instincts and ambitions were aroused, and in 1832 he bade farewell to his Indian wife, who refused to accompany him, and started for the seat of the new empire. He found there the hardy adventurers and reckless spirits of the border, of every kind, animated with an eager greed and a native hatred of the Mexicans. At his advent among them he still wore the dress of the savage, but his reputation, his natural tact, strong magnetism, and undoubted ability for the conduct of affairs and the management of men, made him the leader; and, although he had keen and bitter rivalry, he maintained his position. With all his impulsive recklessness, his fondness for theatrical sensation, which never deserted him, and various other weaknesses, which were apparent enough, he had the gift of saving common-sense and shrewdness, and the genius for the practical achievement of great things. He inspired the motley band with confidence in him, and, while greatly daring, was not wantonly reckless, like the defenders of the Alamo and others, who were ready to fight at a hundred-fold odds. With such a leader, there was no question of the result of a contest between as fine a body of partisan soldiers, in indomitable courage and individual skill in the use of arms, as the world has ever known, and the ill-trained, inefficient, and effete Mexican troops, however extraordinary the nominal disparity in numbers. Thus it was that the battle of San Jacinto was won in one desperate fight of ten minutes by seven hundred and fifty over twelve hundred, and the question of the independence of Texas settled without another effort. Houston managed well in getting his troops into position, and the fight was won by the ready rifles against the clumsy *escopetas*, and the stout hearts against the timid ones.

Houston naturally became the first President of the Republic of Texas, and exhibited a practical skill in civil administration in marked contrast to his successors, to whom he gave way through the constitutional limit of office. He was largely instrumental in bringing about the inevitable annexation, and became a Senator of the United States. In this office he spent several years as a sort of picturesque and eccentric figure, having some queer ideas of statesmanship, but not without a shrewd sense of his availability as a popular and "burrah" candidate for the Presidency, as, indeed, he narrowly escaped being. His notions of devotion to the Union became old-fashioned in comparison with those of the fire-eaters, and it is fair to presume

that he had no natural liking for the institution of slavery. He was superseded as Senator and then deposed as Governor for his opposition to secession, and died in a tranquil retirement, somewhat enfeebled in mind as in body. After his marriage in Texas he reformed his habits in a great measure, experienced religion after the orthodox fashion, and forgave his enemies so far as not to threaten to knock them down.

His character was a singular one, but perhaps less so than his career. He was a sort of lesser Andrew Jackson, with the latter's traits of affectation and instinct of adventure exaggerated, and less inveterate and vindictive—in fact, a lesser man in every way. But he had a genius for affairs in his way, and was sound at heart, kindly, grateful, and affectionate, with a manly spirit, which gave way for a time to degradation but not to meanness. He saved Texas at a crisis in its fate. It may be hoped that some capable hand will one day depict his life in clear and enduring colors.

RECENT NOVELS.

In the Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. *Trafalgar.* A Tale. By B. Perez Galdos. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. William S. Gottsberger.

Stratford-by-the-Sea. American Novel Series. Henry Holt & Co.

Bethesda. By Barbara Elton. Macmillan & Co.

Not Like Other Girls. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Archibald Malmaison. By Julian Hawthorne. Funk & Wagnalls.

Mr. Nobody. By Mrs. John Kent Spender. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

A Wife Hard Won. By Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Kitty's Conquest. By Charles King, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Man She Cared for. By F. W. Robinson. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

The Way of the World. By David Christie Murray. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

The Entailed Hat, or Puffy Cannon's Times. By George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"). Harper & Brothers.

How Much I Loved Thee. Washington, D. C.: Raymond Eschobel.

La Veure Le Voyageur. Par Octave Feuillet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern.

Das Schatzhaus des Königs. Ein Roman aus dem alten Ägypten. Von Wilhelm Waltho. Leipzig: W. Friedrich.

A COLLECTION of detached stories not unfrequently produces upon the mind the rather unfortunate impression that any one of them is more and better than all taken together as a whole. Not so with Mr. Craddock's. True, he needed to tell but one story to prove his power as a simple narrator, who can catch a single incident, sketch in strong lines the few characters involved, and throw it all in high relief against a broad background with a power of conception and of execution almost simultaneous. But the eight stories now grouped together under the title of 'In the Tennessee Mountains' present in their total effect something much more than mere short stories. We have not only one mountain valley, but a whole country of hills—not a man and a woman here and there, but the people of a whole district—not merely a day of winter or of summer, but all the year—not lives,

but life. Mr. Craddock is a master in the art of description. It is very easy for a man with a facile pen to forget that description, even of character, is not the main purpose of a story or a novel. The realist school is always in danger of piling up a mass of details, brilliant and telling, it is true, but of no use for the expression of sentiment or the development of passion.

William Black's work supplies good illustrations of widely different uses of description. That charming chronicle, 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' is avowedly, in the main, description—as painters say, "a landscape with figures." The story is so slight as never to draw the reader's attention from the scenery, which is given with the accuracy of an eye-witness. The sunsets must have been recorded on the spot. Fancy would never have made them each so unlike the other. 'White Wings' is an attempt at a plot of an ordinary kind, with a great deal of yachting thrown in to fill up. Yet, after a few pages, we are conscious that there is no variety of scene, and that the paragraphs are mainly filled with catalogues of names, euphonious but strange and unsuggestive. Story and description fail together. The people in the story are no nearer to the scenery than the reader himself. It is all outside admiration. At the other extreme, in 'A Princess of Thule' the landscape is absolutely essential. Who could understand the King of Borva and his fair daughter who did not know intimately the surroundings of their lives? Who can imagine Sheilah without the background of boundless sea and sky? All the studied detail in 'White Wings' was futile, but here some flash of genius revealed to the author the spirit of things, and one precious hour was granted him to embody it.

A like felicity has fallen to Mr. Craddock. His vivid pictures of the roughness and loneliness of a wild country are not painted for their own sake, but because if we know them our hearts will be stirred by the sorrow and the joy of the life that is spent there. It is a hard life: the men are uncouth and stern, at the best; at the worst, wicked as only borderers can be. The women are gaunt and melancholy: "holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass, holding them out always, and always empty." But side by side with them is that strange miracle of young girlhood. We find it again and again as we find the wild rose lending tender beauty to the grim story. It may be rather the result of the grouping of the stories than of any plan of the writer, but he has enforced anew that saying of George Eliot's: "In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections." The reader cannot forget them, for they remain in his thought as a saving grace to those lawless communities. It is hardly needful to add that the style is admirable, with marked characteristics of its own which extend beyond the mere expression, and produce at times an effect of rhythm, not of words, but of thought—if such a thing is possible. "The 'harnt' that walked Chillowhee' has all the power of a pathetic refrain in music.

In 'Trafalgar' we have an old man's recollections of the high hope and the terrible defeat of that day. As a lad of fifteen he went as servant to his master, a Spanish gentleman, who, after years of chagrin over the defeat at Cape Saint Vincent, offered himself as a volunteer in the fleet. It is hardly a novel, but those who are fond of sea stories will find it worth while. The little Gabriel had an inclusive eye, and missed nothing, from the colossal mass of the *Santissima Trinidad*, on which he served, to the row of soldiers on deck "tying their pigtails, poor men! I saw them standing in a line, one behind another, each one at work on the pigtail of the man in front of him; by which ingenious device

the operation was got through with in a short space of time." Even the proverbial school boy will think the fighting as old-fashioned as the hair-dressing, but it cannot come amiss to know how those who never heard of "Victory or Westminster Abbey" tell the familiar story. The single page that records with generous regret the death of Nelson, closes with the sentence, "The reader will forgive me this digression."

'Stratford by the Sea' has nothing in plot or execution to commend it. The man who marries the country girl and afterward falls in love with a brilliant woman, appears once in so often in the third-rate novel in various guises. This particular hero is a little more stupid than usual, and a convenient railroad disposes of him when he is too much, or rather too many, for the author. It does not make the story less hackneyed that there is a lover ready for the country maiden. He is borrowed from Mrs. Whitney, and very badly used in the borrowing. The brilliant actress consoles herself with her destiny as "the vessel of the gods," and forms "a stock company that shall present nothing but standard tragedy and comedy." Were not the book so weak the fantastic notions of marriage and divorce might do harm. As it is, they are a pitiful witness to the confusion of right and wrong of which a well-meaning person may be guilty.

The author of 'Bethesda' has hit upon the same situation attempted in 'The Pagans.' In both books the hero is sent back to an early love by the heroine, whose self-sacrifice is as resolute as her professed ideals are lofty. The early love in the latter book was simply impossible, and all the ability of her rival goes for nothing. In 'Bethesda,' René d'Isten's wife is a commonplace woman of a poor kind, and may be true enough, but the lady who is supposed to save him and herself is queerly worked up from many novels (Mr. Crawford's notably), with an ignorance of life so profound as to be ludicrous. At twenty she had "found the hollowness of her childish faith . . . and taken refuge in æsthetic religion." She is of the grand pattern, with a vocation. As the American girl in Europe, "she sends a weekly letter to one of our best papers." When the lover hears this, there "comes a peculiar luminous appearance in his eyes. 'It is so unexpected—'" On that line the story goes on. She is to return home, and he is to supply her with materials to work over, so that the letters may still continue. They seek "a uniting of minds whose only aim is literary development." Bethesda knows of the wife at the outset, from her aunt, who is her sole guardian; but the wisdom and self-reliance of twenty never fail through three hundred pages of alternate flatness and spasmodic passion. The perils that are escaped only a tyro would dare to suggest, and the conquest at last, to any one who can struggle so far, must seem like the end of a sham fight. Some flattering comparisons have been made with Mr. James's work, but you might as well compare the performance of the last devotee to Kensington crewels with a piece of Gobelin tapestry.

It is a refreshment of soul to turn to anything so bright and sweet as 'Not Like Other Girls.' It is not the less pleasant for the suggestion of the spirited 'Doigts de Fée,' though there is as little resemblance as between the brilliancy of a Paris boulevard and the charm of an English village. The story ranks with the best of its kind; and the kind is a very good one, that leaves would-be philosophy and pretentious theories quite out of sight, and gives us the home-life of gentle, high-hearted maidens. A daughter's devotion, and the old-fashioned fidelity of lover to lady, still offer worthy opportunities to the novel writer. There is something curious in the difference in a story of this calibre (to adapt

a word, for neither rank nor class would express our meaning), by an English hand and an American one. The latter is more ambitious, puts more ideas into it, intends to mean more; but the former rounds out and finishes by adding a host of details that make the picture more interesting as well as more beautiful. Some people may say the difference is in the life itself, but it is not yet proved that it is not for want of some special faculty, call it perhaps literary patience, that will gather a full store, and then spare no pains to use it all to the utmost advantage.

The nervous should be warned off from 'Archibald Malmaison,' except where the plain prose of modern houses precludes the chance of secret chambers and the like. Mr. Hawthorne is at much pains to proclaim the story literally true, point by point; strong as the telling may be, it is so bluntly, boldly worked out as to be only horrible. Charm or fascination there cannot be in watching, in the broadest daylight, the deeds of a man who spends the alternate seven years of his life in a state but one degree better than idiocy.

"She mixed those babies up, and not a creature knew it," is the key to 'Mr. Nobody.' But she mixed them up under such dismal and disagreeable circumstances that the author's taste is condemned past dispute. Those who seek in a novel what we believe to be its primary *raison d'être*, entertainment, will hardly go beyond the first pages. Nor is it desirable that they should, since there is only dreary elaboration of nothing as well as nobody, and an extra stint of moral padding, both social and political.

A decent edition of the preposterous farrago, 'A Wife Hard Won,' suggests that we have still among us a few of those whose shining characteristic Rochefoucauld defined as the tribute vice pays to virtue. It is a choice specimen of that richly imaginative fiction from which in the sensational weekly all self-respecting persons turn away their eyes.

Mr. King offers 'Kitty's Conquest' to the public with the remark that it was written several years before his successful military novel, 'The Colonel's Daughter.' This at once attracts attention to the resemblance between the stories and to the perhaps natural inferiority of the earlier composition. Spurs jingle and the bugle-call rings true throughout, but the characters are drawn with comical sentimentality. In the handling of women the author's sensibility is worthy of Maria Roche. To "Noddledom," protesting solemnly that the practice of virtues is woman's proper and only duty, Sydney Smith said, "No man and no woman can fill up twenty-four hours with acts of virtue. We know women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight in the morning till twelve at night. What are they to do in the intervals?" They are to pout, says Mr. King, to toss their golden curls, in a word, to coquet, thereby inspiring permanent rapture in the masculine breast. So he pleasantly settles the dreadful question, for the pretty women at least, and provides, too, a pleasant hour for good-tempered idlers who are never critical.

An old friend appears in the first pages of 'The Man She Cared for.' He is that imprudent English gentleman who has "one wife at Natchez over the hill, and another one here in Pike." Fame may be confidently predicted for that novelist who shall give us, as an eccentric character-study, the English gentleman successfully resisting the allurements of bigamy. The story chiefly concerns Sam and Agnes Challis, children of the indiscreet Mr. Dangerfield. Mr. Robinson tells of their trials and victories with the ease of a born *raconteur* and the skill of a practised writer. He tacitly admits the insignificance of the question why a woman cares

for a man by not showing why Agnes Challis should care for Hamilton Redclove. But when a woman begins to be uncommon, she may not stop short of preferring insolence to deference in a lover. Redclove's rival, Overdown, the gunsmith, is a much finer sort of a man; still, the reasons why Miss Challis could not love him are obvious. Those who think him defrauded should reflect on the recent influx of grace which prompts aristocrats to give to a demagogical workman in white duck trousers the freedom of their hearth and dining-table.

The history of Mr. William Amelia and his paper, *The Way of the World*, may be taken as a satire on the society journal and the methods of its editor. The man and vocation fit each other, and worldly prosperity ensues. Mr. Amelia is diligently and delightfully snubbed, but that is small comfort, since inability to recognize a snub is part of his fortunate nature. The characterization is a clever and amusing piece of work—so clever and amusing that it almost excuses the author for whipping up choice items from the daily papers before the ink dries, and presenting them to us as fiction. At the same time it shows him scourging with the left hand what he imitates with the right. He holds Mr. Amelia up for detestation as an unscrupulous gossip, knowing that the spice in the dish is, for a great many readers, the infernal identification of Mr. Amelia with very interesting current gossip. The journalist's career is but slenderly interwoven with the commonplace plot. A peer so pitiable as the Earl of Windgall is enough to prompt the House of Lords to abolish itself in order to escape such an associate. A daughter so beautiful and dutiful as Lady Ella Santerre is removed beyond the sympathy of imperfect mortals, and the reader is as much oppressed by the abject humility of Bolsover Kimberly as that poor little man is oppressed by his millions and the letter "H."

A daughter's sacrifice for a bankrupt father is a prominent feature in 'The Entailed Hat.' If in so disorderly a composition there can be any central situation, it is the marriage of Vesta Custis and Meshach Milburn. This is an aggravated case of filial devotion, and, without disparaging domestic affection, we must protest against the generally-accepted beauty of the illustration chosen. The woman who gives her body in payment of her father's debts ought to be repulsive to the world in proportion as the act is repugnant to herself. Novelists, in such crises, often manage a dexterous slip betwixt the cup and the tearful but firm maiden's lip. The owner of the entailed hat is, however, an inexorable suitor, to whom love means acquisition, not denial. He coolly disregards Vesta's hint that he might express his adoration by letting both her father and herself go free. "I do not think," he says argumentatively, "you personally know of such a case, though you may have read it in a novel or a tract. . . . Where did you ever hear, Miss Vesta, of a famished lover surrendering every endowment that might win the peerless one, to be himself returned to his sorrow, tortured still by love, and by his neighbors ridiculed?" The remark is a fair specimen not only of Meshach's sensible ideas, but also of his style, which has something of the air and no little of the absurdity of a schoolboy's translation of heroic verse. If on the spur of the moment he tried to match his phrases against Vesta's, she very easily distanced him, for almost in reply she exclaims:

"Where will be my share of love in this world, married so? To love is to a woman the Globe itself, her youth the mere atmosphere thereof, her widowhood the perfume of that extinguished star."

This picturesqueness of language is not con-

fined to the conversation, for the narrative is a revelation in the way of epithet and comparison. As far, however, as the story concerns Meshach and Vesta, it is harmless, and the unconscious drollery in the pair relieves it from dullness. But the twenty chapters dealing with Patty Cannon and her kidnapping gang are neither harmless nor droll. It is somewhat the fashion to excuse grossness in literature, on the plea that repulsion from evil propels toward good, and to discover a potent moral tonic in nastiness. It is also the fashion to lay upon the American novelist the awful responsibility of perpetuating every phase of by-gone national life. Among the horrors here accumulated, we have carefully sought for some latent moral force or some valuable historical fact; we have found none. Murder and debauchery have no national significance, and their fashion changes little with the times. The details of blackguardism, whether among princes or kidnappers on the border of a slave State, have no place in a literature with any pretensions to decency. It would be impossible in limited space to point out all the offensiveness of these chapters, but toward the last the climax of wanton bestiality is reached. It is stated in the introduction that the author's reflection on his knowing no locality well, inspired study of which this romance is the result. A little deeper reflection might have led him to a happier choice.

The tragic drama 'How Much I Loved Thee' comes to us several centuries before its time. When the language has been so long dead that Shakspeare and the Sweet Singer of Michigan shall be equally valued and valuable, then only can justice be done to this episode of the American civil war. At present there is something in blank verse as it rolls from the lips of United States citizens and army officers that rouses a spirit of levity, not to say flippancy. There is no reason why a modern policeman should not break up a crowd with—

"Come, sir, you trifle—you must go with us";

nor why a young lieutenant should not remonstrate with a Washington citizen thus:

"What villain he is that! How dare you, sir, level your piece upon a Union soldier?"

but we are pretty sure that they don't, and we are so hampered by the real that we cannot take the ideal seriously. But when time shall have obliterated nice distinctions of idea, of language, and of metre, then Eudora's madness will not seem a travesty of Ophelia's; then Ricardo will be as good a villain as Iago; then Anderton's soliloquies over his dead love will not parody Othello's; then "vile bounty-jumping beast" will have all the effect of vile "besonnan," and start as many squabbles among the commentators.

The latest novel of M. Octave Feuillet is like the earlier, being strained, sentimental, and sickly. There are two friends, one in the army and one in the navy. The latter marries a beautiful woman, resigns, volunteers again when the war with Prussia breaks out, is wounded, and dies in his friend's arms, after making the latter promise to tell his widow that she must not remarry, and that if she does her husband will rise from his grave to curse her. Obviously, the friend falls in love with this victim of posthumous jealousy, and she with him. They are married, and on his wedding-night the bridegroom commits suicide. This is a painful and unwholesome story, inherently vulgar in its conception, in spite of the grace and decency of the literary style in which it is told. We maintain our frequently-expressed belief that M. Feuillet is a far more dangerous writer than M. Zola. M. Feuillet is insidious, M. Zola is outspoken. M. Zola must shock, and M. Feuillet is sure to

corrupt. It is perhaps characteristic that the second part of M. Feuille's volume should contain a very lively little dramatic sketch, which might also be called "La Veuve," and which closely recalls an earlier comedy of M. Feuille's, "L'Urne." It is an amusing little trifle, showing how a traveller, returning after a long absence, finds that the lady whom he had loved, and whom he had left married to a friend, is now a widow; and he assumes a due air of grief and condolence, only to discover that the husband died eighteen months before and has already been sufficiently mourned. So he marries the widow. Whether he, too, commits suicide on his wedding night, is not revealed to us.

Every period of Egyptian history has yielded fruitful subjects for the novelist—that of the old, the middle, and the new empire; that of the Ptolemies, Alexander's successors; that of the Romans, and of the Christian and Islamic period. Wilhelm Walloth, in his 'Royal Treasure-Fort,' and G. Ebers, in his 'Uarda,' have selected the earlier centuries of the new empire for their narratives. In this empire are comprehended the reigns of all the Ramesids, the monarchs best known to us historically through the numerous inscriptions and manuscripts left to us from their times. A court-life episode from the reign of the powerful Rameses II., the Sesostri of the Greeks, forms the subject of Walloth's interesting tale. The antagonism of the Egyptians to the Hebrews, who then inhabited a northern province of the country and were held in abject dependence by the Egyptian Government, is the cause of all the tragic incidents and terrible scenes described. A young Jewess named Rebecca learns from her dying father the secret of the hidden entrance to the King's treasure-house at Memphis, and, having penetrated into it at night with her brother, robs it of many jewels and other precious articles, and afterward, by a curious coincidence, while following the profession of a dancer, is brought to Thebes, the capital, and becomes the favorite of the King. She meets there Menes, a young man whom she had known at home, occupying the position of a State Minister. He is engaged to a Jewish girl, but his mother compelled him to leave her in Memphis. Rebecca is ordered by a number of conspirators to poison the King, but betrays the plot to him. She suffers death at their hands, and Menes is on the point of losing his life while combating them. Meanwhile, his betrothed arrives at Thebes; the robbery at the treasure house is discovered, and a parchment found in possession of the robbers proves that Menes's intended is the natural daughter of King Seti I. The wedding takes place with the "royal blood" in preference to the real daughter of Rameses II., who is desperately in love with Menes; and, save a few invidious persons, everybody is happy. The story is exceedingly dramatic, even at the beginning, where the erection of the King's statue on the top of a pyramid, with fatal consequences to the laborers, is graphically described. The principal characters, too, are well marked. But there is too much improbability in the plot.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

De l'Origine des Indiens du Nouveau-Monde et de leur Civilisation. Par P. Dabry Thiersant, Consul-Général de la République Française au Centre-Amérique. Paris: Leroux. 1883. 8vo, pp. 358.

WHETHER the American Indians, such as the early explorers found them, were "native and to the manner born," or whether they derived their origin and their civilization—one or both—from the Old World, are questions about

which opinions may well differ. Indeed, so many and varied are the theories that have been held upon these points that the bare enumeration of them, without any attempt at weighing their respective merits, would require more space than we can well afford. Hence we are compelled to limit ourselves to the statement that, for reasons which seem to be good and sufficient, the tendency to-day is to the belief that the Indians, so far from being autochthonous, are descended from Asiatic progenitors, and that they brought with them from their homes in the Old World the seeds of that civilization which, in material development at least, found its highest expression in Mexico, Central America, and Peru. But while conceding this much, we do not by any means wish to be understood as admitting that the question is finally settled; neither do we intend to assert anything as to the people or peoples from whom they are descended, or from whom they received their civilization, nor as to the route or routes by which they travelled in the course of what must have been a long, slow, and toilsome progress. So far as we know anything about these matters, the Indians may have been indigenous; or, assuming their foreign origin, they may have come over at one immigration, or, springing from different stocks or races, they may have started from different centres, travelled by different routes, and arrived at different times and at different places on the same or opposite sides of the continent. All that we can assert with any degree of certainty is, that the discovery, in California, of stone implements in the same stratum with the remains of extinct animals, and the fact that our Indians were ignorant of the use of iron, indicate most unmistakably that this immigration must have taken place at a period so remote that it can only be measured by geological epochs and phases of civilization. Beyond this all is conjecture, and if the drift of opinion at present is toward the Asiatic theory, it is not because it has been proved, but because, with the present configuration of the earth, an immigration from that direction (or perhaps it might be more correct to say a series of them) would meet with fewer obstacles than if starting from any other quarter; and because, also, in no other way can we account for certain peculiar features in the civilization, as developed here, with as little violence to accepted facts. Mindful of these limitations, and estimating at their full value the data which, though few, are all that we have to guide us in the investigation, we are now ready to take up this account of the origin of the Indians and of their civilization with some prospect of finding our way through the maze of fact, fiction, and fallacy in which our author is hopelessly lost.

Beginning with the question of their origin, he tells us (pp. 27, 49, and 348) that the New World was peopled, at a time that cannot be easily fixed, by colonies of the Mongol race, which came either by way of Behring Straits or the Aleutian Islands. That this colonization did not take place earlier was owing to the fact that the frozen regions of the northern part of America offered but few attractions to the people of Asia; and this same fact will, it is thought, also explain why it was that, in the seventh century of our era, America was inhabited by only a few tribes of savages who dressed in skins, subsisted by hunting and fishing, and dwelt in caves and grottoes instead of houses. About this time a band of Aryo-Turanians, whose country—Kharism or Chorasmia (Carizme?)—was situated just east of the Caspian Sea, being driven from their homes by the followers of Mahomet, took up their line of march, and, after a stay more or less prolonged in China,

"probably" came to Japan (pp. 28 and 36), where they embarked in seven junks, and, guided by fishermen from the island of Yezo, they set sail and landed on the coast of Alaska. For the first forty or fifty years after their arrival they remained concentrated in the section of country now known as Arizona and New Mexico, and are said to have devoted themselves to "teaching the still savage tribes of North America how to clothe themselves, to cook food, to build houses, to make arms and implements, to raise temples, to offer sacrifices, to speak their language, and to make use of written characters." At the end of this time, or about A. D. 670 or 700, only forty or fifty years after they had been driven from their home on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and in spite of the most unfavorable conditions, we are asked to believe that, from a mere band of refugees brought over in seven junks, they had now become so numerous as to necessitate their division into tribes, and a migration to other less populous and more fertile regions, or, as our author poetically expresses it: "The hive became too full, and swarms escaping gradually spread, as the Aryans did in Europe and Asia, over the whole of the New World, where they can be traced, historically and by the ruins of monuments which they have left behind them, all the way from the Rio Gila to the land of Fire."

We believe this to be a fair statement of our author's theory, and he supports it by a reference to the traditions of the Toltecs, who seem to have formed a part of one of the earliest of these civilization-bearing "swarms" that left the parent hive. Without stopping, now, to inquire into the historical value of these myths, it is sufficient to say that, according to the account as given by Ixtlilxochitl, these Toltecs came originally from a place called Huehue Tlapallan, or, as it is translated, "Old Red Land," and, after wandering around for a hundred years or more, they established themselves in Anahuac, the Valley of Mexico, some time during the seventh century. This is also the date fixed by our author, and as it is one of the few facts connected with early Mexican history about which there is anything like unanimity of opinion, it may be accepted. But while we may therefore feel reasonably sure as to the time of this migration, we cannot, unfortunately, be so certain as to the situation of this Huehue Tlapallan, the country from which they said they had migrated. According to most of the early Spanish writers, it was situated to the north, probably in the region now covered by New Mexico and Arizona. Some modern investigators, among them Squier and Hubert H. Bancroft, formidable by reason of their attainments rather than their numbers, incline to the opinion that it is to be found in the south, perhaps in Guatemala or Yucatan; while our author identifies it with Chorasmia or Carizme, which, as we have seen, was, A. D. 650, situated just east of the Caspian Sea. He bases this conclusion upon the fact that in the year 1222, or 600 years after these so-called Aryo-Turanians were driven from their homes, Genghis Khan, according to a Chinese history, having made himself master of Bokhara and Samarcand, destroyed the kingdom of the "Hue hue," and obliged their King to take refuge on an island in that sea, where he died. This Hue hue, if we may judge from the context, was situated to the east of the Caspian, and must therefore, according to our author, have been the same as Chorasmia, though separated from it by an interval of 600 years. It was also identical with the Huehue Tlapallan of the Toltecs, for the reason that in the Khanate of Khiva, as Chorasmia is now called, the soil is composed of a reddish clay, and produces melons of enormous

size and in great quantities; and as these same things are asserted of Huehue Tlapallan, it follows that the two countries must have been identical.

Bearing upon this point, and, from our author's point of view, strongly confirmatory of it, is the argument which he draws from the account given in the 'Popol vuh' of the origin of the Quiché Indians of Chiapas. In fact, the two arguments run parallel, or, rather, they are so mixed up that it is impossible thoroughly to understand one, especially in its philological aspect, without a reference to the other, and we therefore summarize it as briefly as possible: The Quichés, if we may accept the 'Popol vuh' as history, came from a country called Tulan zuiva, or "Seven Caves," which is said to be the same as Tulan chiuim or chiuwan, though *chiuim*=*chiuim* belongs to the Votan myth of the Maya Indians, and means "serpent." This Tulan or Tolian, we are told, is the same as the Turan of the Zendavesta—a country of darkness situated in the north—and must therefore have been the same as Chorasmia, the "Hue hue" of the Chinese historian, which, as we have seen, is represented to-day by the Khanate of Khiva. Now, Khiva is but another name for chiuim, and if to this latter we add Tulan, we have once more Tulan chiuim or Tulan zuiva, which is the Quiché name for the Toltec Huehue Tlapallan.

This is substantially all that there is in the historical argument, and to those who will take the trouble to measure our author's statements by the confession of ignorance with which we set out, it is needless to say that we do not regard his conclusion as entitled to any weight. Even if it be admitted that the traditions of the Toltecs, Quichés, Mayas, and other civilized tribes of Mexico and Central America as to an emigration from some centre, the name of which is variously given, refer to the same event; and that, hence, Huehue Tlapallan and Tulan Zuiva are but different names for the same place, there is nothing in the evidence presented, considered either historically or linguistically, to connect the former with the "Hue hue" of the Chinese historian, or the latter with the Turan of Zoroaster.

But it is unnecessary to pursue this branch of the subject further, neither will it avail us to follow our author into the comparison which he institutes between the religion, laws, arts, manners, and customs of the different peoples of the New and of the Old World for the purpose of showing their identity, and hence of proving not the Carizmanian, but the "Asiatic" origin of the civilization of our American Indians. Unquestionably this portion of the work displays considerable research, and any one sufficiently familiar with the facts and the authorities to be able to separate the wheat from the chaff, may read it with profit; but the question is not as to the derivation of this civilization from any or all of the peoples of Asia, but whether it was brought over in the seventh century by a band of Carizmanian shepherds who were driven from their homes by the Mahometan invasion. This is our author's own proposition, and, as he must abide by it, it follows that so much of his argument as relates to any other people is irrelevant and falls to the ground, unless it can be shown that they were in about the same stage of development as these refugees from the shores of the Caspian Sea. In other words, he must, according to his own showing, prove that there existed in the seventh century, upon the steppes of Tartary and among a tribe of shepherds, a civilization which equalled in every respect the best that had yet been developed upon the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Nile. This he has not done; nor can he do it without in-

dulging in as wild a flight of fancy as that which characterizes the assertion (pp. 39 and 45) "that proofs are being daily discovered which tend to show that the Iroquois, Algonquins, Shoshonees, Natchez, and other 'savage' tribes of North America had the same religion, the same manners and customs, and spoke the same language, as the Mexicans, the Central Americans, and the Peruvians."

So far as our author's argument is concerned this is, of course, a sufficient answer, though it does not go to the root of the matter. To do this we must go further, for, admitting that the American Indians derived their civilization from Asia, we hold with Tylor and other anthropologists that it is necessary to put the date of this event at a period long anterior to the seventh century, for the reason that, "when supposing a civilization to have been transmitted from one people to another, we must measure it by its lowest point, as the strength of a chain is measured by its weakest link." Applying this principle, it will be found that the people from whom the American Indians received their civilization were ignorant of the use of metals and of the domestication of animals, and, consequently, must have been living at that indefinite period in the remote past, and in that stage of progress, which, for the want of a better name, we are accustomed to call the age of stone.

In a concluding chapter our author tells us that the civilization of most of the American tribes, at the time of the conquest, was but a faint reflection of what it had been; and he ascribes this degeneration to "the want of a religion of peace elevating the heart with hope instead of depressing it with fear, to the absence of a liberal government, and of equal institutions founded in justice." Aside from the fact that the statement as to the extinction of this civilization is not admitted, it may be said that even if it were true the reasons given for it are not sufficient. We hasten to add that it is perhaps lucky for us that it is so, as there is not a government, a religion, or a set of institutions now on the face of the earth which could, if tried by this test, justify its existence at any and all times during the past 400 years.

Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book. By George Eliot. Harper & Brothers. 1884.

THE seven essays reprinted in this volume were selected by George Eliot from among her fugitive pieces, and, it is said, were carefully revised by her for publication after her death. If they are the best of her writings in the reviews, the world need not regret their fewness; for, as essays, they are by no means level with her reputation. They are not the work of a critic, but of a partisan; their aim is not disinterested, but to serve a cause in which the moral nature of the writer was strongly aroused; they do not belong so much to literature as to polemics. Yet the seriousness of George Eliot, her grave enthusiasm, expressing itself not in idealizing or eulogizing or any heightening of the reality, but rather in thrusts of irony, or sketches of grim truthfulness, or appeals laboriously practical, saves them from the fate of being merely literary curiosities. They have still the worth of their moral and the interest of the information hived in them; they show the old comprehensive, discriminating, rigid power of mind, and in a striking way the scientific basis, and firm, reflective trend of her convictions before she turned from critical and abstract thought to build the fictions that are truer than systems; but, for all that, they belong to the works that perish and ought to perish.

George Eliot's nature, her training, and her

aims, did not particularly qualify her to be the judge of either Young or Heine; the consequence is that Young, under her treatment, becomes as gloomy an object of reprobation to us as the most hardened sinner could have been to his own blandly contemplative eyes; and Heine even, whose intelligence creates a sort of sympathy with his critic, loses half his merriment and all the conceited light-heartedness of it, as if he had put his cap and bells in his pocket to make a more decent appearance. Young was very likely a hypocrite morally, and a hyperbolic star-gazer poetically; but the energy of George Eliot's criticism spends itself not on the man or his poetry so much as on the profit-and-loss nature of his religion, which allowed his self-complacency to flourish under the notion that he held preferred stock. This was the vile thing, she thought, behind the man and his poetry, and so she thrust at the system through them. Such criticism has only the slightest value in art, however useful in other respects. The essay on Dr. Cumming is a simple denunciation of preaching that she did not like—rightly enough, because it was foolish, ignorant, and full of misrepresentation; but his words and himself are gone now, and it is a pity that this dust, too, did not settle with the rest that his little eddy of popularity raised. The four papers which conclude the collection are of a less pugnacious kind, being a notice of Lecky's 'Rationalism,' in which she thought he did not assign sufficient relative influence to science in moral changes, an account of Riehl's studies of German sociology, a description of a visit to Weimar, and an address to the workmen of England when the extension of the suffrage was carried in 1868. The last few pages are taken up with some indifferent notes from a commonplace-book, such as were stitched together in 'Theophrastus Such.' The whole volume is on a lower plane of literary art and mental power than either her novels or her poems; it must, of course, be now added to her complete works, whence after a while time will winnow it.

Annals of Sandy Spring; or, Twenty Years' History of a Rural Community in Maryland. Baltimore: Cushings & Bailey.

"SANDY SPRING NEIGHBORHOOD" is in Montgomery County, Maryland. It is a Quaker community in the main, and, as such, enjoyed the blessing of free labor in a slave State before the civil war. In its homely thrift there is a suggestion of the Quaker Community at Kennett, Chester County, Pa., but the resemblance does not extend to all particulars. Unless the writer of these pages has, through fear of giving offence, been over-cautious, there has been at Sandy Spring no such aggregation of men and women remarkable for their intellectual and moral force and independence as at Kennett. Of course the local situation was a serious obstacle to any such part as the Quakers of Kennett played in the times preceding the rebellion. The main impression that we get of Sandy Spring from Mr. Farquhar's book is that of admirable decency and thrift, combined with intellectual feebleness and general pettiness; but this impression may be owing to the character of the annalist rather than to that of the community.

There is, it seems, at Sandy Spring a Lyceum Society, at whose annual meeting Mr. Farquhar has each year, for twenty years, read a brief history of the neighborhood for the year preceding. He is disposed to magnify his calling, and, as he approaches the conclusion of the twenty annual records that make up this little book, he quotes with sympathetic admiration that beautiful passage from Gibbon's autobiog-

raphy in which the historian describes his final deliverance, after twenty years' devotion to the 'Decline and Fall.' If General Butler could attribute Tennyson's "Brook" to Longfellow, it is not strange, perhaps, that Mr. Farquhar attributes

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be," etc.,

to George Herbert instead of to Ben Jonson, and the admirable saying of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, "Life would be so pleasant were it not for its pleasures," to "some Frenchman." There is much poverty of incident and interest throughout the book, which closes with a hope that when the comet of October, 1883, appears again, it may behold not only a brighter, better world than ours, but also a narrow-gauge railroad connecting Sandy Spring with the great outside world. This railroad is the most engrossing topic in the book. Each chapter in turn leads up to an account of the deaths, births, and marriages of the ended year. The writer's bathos reaches its lowest deep in these passages. On page 82 he records a "marriage gale"—"the actual solemnization of three weddings very near together. . . . Thanksgiving day of 1870, how inexpressibly bright and sweet and balmy! And yet there was another side to the picture; for the influence of these exciting events served to lessen the interest felt in opening the lecture course of the Lyceum." On page 237 we are told how Doctor Magruder dropped insensible at a social meeting, "and by the coming of dawn next morning his bright, bold spirit had left its splendid earthly tenement a mass of lifeless clay. A void was left there, never since filled." The italics are our own.

Kreolische Studien, IV. and V. Von Dr. Hugo Schuchardt. Vienna, 1883.

AMONG the islands and archipelagos of the South Sea, the missionaries and colonists of today were long antedated by the whalers, the trepang-fishers, and the sandalwood-seekers. These, singularly enough, were chiefly of English and North American origin, traders sailing among the islands and trafficking with the natives, between whom and the trading people some method of communication had to be devised so that the productions or possessions of each could be speedily and advantageously exchanged. Hence a rude lingo sprang into existence, originated primarily by the whaling men, and called distinctively the "whalers' jargon," because they first of all touched on these remote and varied coasts and felt the need of communicating with the aborigines. Added to the English ground-stock of this jargon there came, in process of time, an accretion of words picked up by these "beach-combers" from every possible source, so that in one of them English, Portuguese, Hawaiian, and Chinese elements jostle amiably together without producing (as one would suppose) an unintelligible result. Many of the singular expressions prevalent in these seas, indeed, have been introduced from season to season by American whalers who, in the pursuit of their business, are obliged to take on board a number of the aborigines from many different places to assist them in their whale catching. The activity of the trepang-catchers and the sandalwood-hunters was naturally more limited, but to counterbalance this they came into more enduring relations with the South Sea populations, and had better opportunities of refining and elaborating their jargon. Large numbers of these Oceanians, voluntarily or involuntarily, serve as laborers on the ships, and though the English which they learn from the sailors and fugitives is not of the purest, it is sufficiently clear and impressive to hang in the

recollection of the laborers and perpetuate itself from year to year, until, being greatly helped by the intrusion of a deeper and purer European culture, by instruction in unspoiled English, and by greater intelligence and appreciation of the Oceanian dialects on the part of Europeans themselves, it bids fair to evolve itself out of its cocoon stage and spread in a purified form all over the islands of the South Sea.

New Caledonia (albeit a French colony) and the New Hebrides are becoming particularly important factors in the diffusion of the New Pidgin English in the southern latitudes. Many of the New Hebrideans, indeed, after the term of their service on the plantations has expired, remain in New Caledonia as workmen and servants; and here especially an astonishing lingo has excreted itself, made up of English, Chinese, Portuguese, and New Caledonian words. We have the peculiarly interesting fact, furthermore, that the French are known all over these remote regions as the *wee wee* men (*oui oui*) and the English as the *yes* men, quite in the fashion after which Italian in the Middle Ages was called the *lingua di sì* and the French dialects the *langues d'oïl et d'oc*. So, by a grotesque twist not entirely devoid of humor, the Methodist denomination, which ingeniously combines missionary work with (presumably) profitable trade in coco oil, is called in Melanesian *lotu wai-wai* (the coco-oil denomination).

The English of New Caledonia goes by the curious name of *Beche-le-mar*, or Sea-Slug Catcher English. The trepang or sea slug (*holothuria edulis*) is the special delicacy of the Chinese, and is called in Portuguese *bicho de mar*, French *bêche de mer*, English *beech de mer*, further corrupted into *beche le mar*. An extensive trade is plied for the gratification of the Chinese in this sea animal, the chief agents in which are English and American sailors. Hence the wonderful growth of numerous mediary jargons in Queensland, the Fiji Islands, and throughout Oceania, the results of which are indicated and explained by Dr. Schuchardt in one of his very interesting studies ('Ueber das Melano-Englische'). Here are a few specimens of it:

"What for you put diss belong a master in fyer? him cost plenty money!" "Missis, man belong bullamacow him stop." (Mistress, the bull-and-the cow butcher is come). "What for lamp you make him dead (put out)?" "This fellow hat belong you?" "What man you give him stick?" "Me like him grog," etc.

Dr. Schuchardt's second pamphlet, on the Spanish-Tagil Creole of the Philippine Islands, is scarcely less interesting to an intelligent inquirer. The Spanish language has run a far less brilliant career in the Malayan Archipelago than in Central and South America and the West Indies. Of the population really subject to the Spanish Crown in the Philippines only about one-fortieth speaks Spanish. Even in the provinces of Manila and Cavité, where the Spanish language is at its strongest, only a seventh or eighth part of the people speak the language of the conquerors, and this after an occupation of three centuries. This is partly attributable to the overwhelming numbers of the aboriginal population as compared with the small garrisons of Spanish Americans, Mexicans (before the emancipation), and *mestizos*, who held the islands for the crown, and partly to the disinclination of the colonial clergy to instruct the Malays in Spanish, paralleled by the course of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Now, however, a better state of things, modelled after the more enlightened course of the Dutch in Java, has begun to prevail in the Philippines. In the capital the prevalence of Spanish and the growing interest in its acquisition have started into existence some very interesting linguistic phenomena. A "scul-

lion Spanish," or *Español de cocina*, recalling to mind the lingo of the Greek cooks of antiquity, is in full efflorescence, springing from the lips of the colored population and gradually making its way up into the higher circles, much to the grief and mortification of lovers of the so-called *Castellano*. For the seeker after truth or insight into the genesis of speech this patois has a high interest, being not so much a finished patois, like the Portuguese of Macao or Malacca, as a growing and expanding dialect full of instructive gradations, replete with reminiscences of Castilian grammar, and yet richly garnished with native Malayan words; a fluent jargon current among a numerous Indian population, and showing at their most transparent stage many of the important evolutionary processes of Creole idiom.

Dr. Schuchardt is to be congratulated on his important contributions to the study of mixed dialects, and on the intelligent manner in which he has gathered and arranged his material, principally acquired by an extensive and laborious correspondence with cultivated men in the remotest corners of the globe.

Leisure Hours in Russia. By Wickham Hoffman, late Secretary United States Legation, St. Petersburg; Minister Resident in Denmark; author of 'Camp, Court, and Siege,' London, 1883.

THIS is a very unpretentious little book, embracing sketches and translations, of which the following are the most extensive: "St. Petersburg," "Russian Superstitions," "Nadeschda," "Finland," and the "Kalevala." Some of the pieces originally appeared in a Philadelphia monthly, which is all we are told in a prefatory way. The prose sketches contain unadorned descriptions and characterizations, little of which will be new to the more diligent class of readers, excepting the pages treating of Finland, a country seldom visited and described by travellers from England or the United States, though, for a Russian province, abounding in highly characteristic features. The little our author has to tell about this almost hyperborean land of fens, lakes, and fords, and its two million non-Slavic, partly non-Aryan, and with few exceptions Protestant inhabitants, is enough to show the fallacy which he aims at destroying. The popular opinion of the Finns—a term here used of the Finlanders proper—entertained by nine-tenths of the people of the United States is, he says, that "they are pretty much like the Lapps: that is to say, that they live in huts, dress in skins, and live principally upon reindeer milk and black bread." He is, in fact, very fond of Finland, and especially of its capital, Helsingfors, "a picturesque and charming little town of about 35,000 inhabitants," with a university, various learned societies, and upward of twenty newspapers and periodicals, chiefly in Swedish and Finnish. He believes "it is difficult to find a more highly civilized, cultivated, and agreeable society than exists at Helsingfors." And it is mostly Finnish things that attracted his attention during the leisure hours in the Russian capital of which the fruits are here presented; for only the first thirty pages of the book are descriptive of things properly Russian, while all the rest is devoted to the Finnish Grand Duchy—to translations from Runeberg, a Finlander whose contributions to Swedish literature rank among the most esteemed productions in that language, and to an abstract of the great popular epic in the ancient Finnish vernacular, the 'Kalevala.'

Runeberg's romantic tale in verse, 'Nadeschda'—Mr. Hoffman in this and other Russian names improperly follows the spelling of the

Swedish original—is rendered entire. It is attractive in its simplicity, and in some of its parts touching, though the idyllic scenes are placed in the rude wilds of Muscovy, and Catharine II. plays the part of a benign *deus ex machina*. The translation, however, is far from being satisfactory. The versification is very loose, and there is a great deal of unnecessary or bad inversion, as in the following:

"A rose plucking then Nadeschdina
Wandered on in beauty and gladness."

"Then from the flow'ry bank of the brook,
Took she a path that led to the hall."

"And replied then the maiden,
'On the ocean a sailor
My young prince is now like to.'"

The following lines are, probably, the worst of all:

"In what occupation, what place residing,
Told me you have not, and I have not asked you."

The translations from the 'Kalevala' are, on the whole, incomparably better, and the abridgments into which the unrhymed verses are woven also show an advance in style on the preceding prose pages. The translator evidently studied with good results the diction of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," knowing that its verses were modelled on those of the 'Kalevala.' Not a few of the verses are, both in sentiment and wording, as pleasing as this address to a departing bride by her mother:

"Why abandon thus your mother?
Here you had no thought of trouble,
Here no care your heart to burden.
Cares were left to pines of forest,
Troubles to the posts and fences,
Bitter griefs to trees of marshes,
Sad complaints to lonely birches.
Like the leaf you floated onward,
Like the butterfly in summer—
Grew a bay, a beauteous berry,
In the meadow of your mother."

Frederick the Great. By Col. C. B. Brackenbury, R. A. [The New Plutarch.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

FOR the majority of readers who do not care to make a study of Frederick the Great, but who wish to have an intelligent knowledge of the principal events in his career, and a fair appreciation of his character and abilities as a whole, Colonel Brackenbury's life will be found all that could be desired. It is written in a very interesting style, and shows good judgment in the selection of materials, and a clear conception of the relation of Frederick to general history. Military events are described especially well, but unfortunately there are no maps or plans—a defect which is almost fatal to the value of the book as a military history. Col. Brackenbury's estimate of his hero from the point of view of public morality may probably be taken as on

the whole that of history. It needs no elaborate arguments to show that Frederick had little regard for right and wrong; or, on the other hand, that he was no worse than his rivals, only a great deal abler and shrewder. Of the two especially vulnerable points in his career, no attempt is made to justify the partition of Poland, which we could wish, indeed, had been condemned a little more heartily. For the seizure of Silesia strong grounds of justification are given—strong enough, at any rate, to be valid against the predecessors of Maria Theresa. That virtuous Queen was made to suffer for the crimes of her fathers. There is at the beginning of the book a compendious (rather too brief) account of the early growth of the Margraviate of Brandenburg, and of the Hohenzollern family. Here it is incorrect to say (p. 4) that Albert the Bear was made *Kurfürst*, or Elector of the Empire. The Electoral College was not organized until a hundred years after his time. What is true, is that he, the most notable German Prince of his time, obtained for his house the hereditary dignity of Archchamberlain of the Empire; and that, the electoral office coming to be attached to the great household offices, the Margrave of Brandenburg received this power as an outcome of the other.

Woodcraft. By "Nessmuk." *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.

THIS book contains a series of useful instructions for those who go to the woods in search of health or amusement, and is, on the whole, a valuable companion and assistant to such as have not large stores of personal experience to draw from. It is systematically arranged and plainly written, with a number of explanatory illustrations. "Nessmuk" believes in "travelling light"—for fishing excursions recommending on p. 16 what most people consider, and justly, a nuisance, "a general fishing-rod," not good for bait fishing and almost worthless for fly fishing, while on p. 22 he instances the superfluity of washing material in the woods by stating that "last summer I carried a cake of soap and towel in my knapsack through the North woods for a seven weeks' tour, and never used either a single time. When I had established a good glaze on the skin (with tar and oil) it was too valuable to be sacrificed for any weak whim connected with soap and water." Probably the portrait of "Nessmuk" which forms the frontispiece was taken just before the seven weeks were up. The description of the headlight, used almost entirely for shooting deer out of season, might have been omitted; but on the whole the book is sound and practical, and well worth the reading.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- An Hour with Miss Streator. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Barnes, Dame Juliana. An Older Form of the Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle. London: W. Satchell & Co.
Blancardi, Mrs. E. D. R. At Home in Italy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Blanchard, R. Rise and Fall of Political Parties in the United States. Brentano Bros.
Brinton, D. G. A Grammar of the Cakchiquel Language of Guatemala. Philadelphia: McCalla & Staveley.
Carnegie, Andrew. Round the World. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
Crawford, F. Marion. A Roman Singer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Curtis, G. W. Wendell Phillips. A Eulogy. Delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, April 18, 1884. Harper & Brothers.
Davis, W. M. Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Dumas, F. G. Catalogue Illustré du Salon. 1884. J. W. Bouton. \$1.25.
Gagern, C. von. Todte und Lebende. Erinnerungen. Erste Reihe. Berlin: Abentheimsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
Greg, W. R. Miscellaneous Essays. Second series. Trübner & Co.
Guiney, Louise J. Songs at the Start. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Higginson, T. W. Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hoffman, C. F. Days and Nights with Jesus; or, Words for the Faithful. James Pott & Co.
Kohn-Abrest, F. A propos des Mémoires de Henri Heine. 2d ed. B. Westermann & Co.
Leorde, Jesus Christ, God, God and Man. New edition. Thomas Whittaker. \$2.
Lalor, John J. Cyclopaedia of Political Science, Political Economy, and of the Political History of the United States. 3 vols. Chicago: Melbert B. Cary & Co.
Laudes Domini. A Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern. The Century Co.
Lubbock, Sir John. Chapters in Popular Natural History. Thomas Whittaker. 60 cents.
Mace, Francis L. Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets. 2d edition. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Mitchell, D. G. Out-of-Town Places. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
Murray, D. C. The Way of the World. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
Nohl, L. Life of Liszt. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
Our Famous Women. Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co.
Payne, J. Lectures on the Science and Art of Education. E. L. Kellogg & Co. \$1.
Ponce de Leon, N. Diccionario Tecnológico Inglés-Español y Español-Inglés. Part 5. N. Ponce de Leon, 42 Broadway. 50 cents.
Reed, A. Word-Lessons. Clark & Maynard. 25 cents.
Reid, Christian. Armine. Catholic Publication Society.
Robinson, A. Mary F. The New Arcadia, and Other Poems. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Ruskin, J. Fors Clavigera. New Series. Four Essays. John Wiley & Sons. 50 cents.
Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
Schouler, J. Treatise on the Law of Personal Property. Vol. II. 2d ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Shaw's New History of English Literature. Revised edition. Sheldon & Co. \$1.25.
Shedd, Prof. W. G. T. Sermons to the Spiritual Man. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
Stockton, Frank R. The Lady, or the Tiger? and Other Stories. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
Stories by American Authors. Vol. III. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Tip Lewis and His Lamp. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 25 cents.
Tischendorf, C. Novum Testamentum Graece. Editio octava critica major, vol. III. B. Westermann & Co. \$3.50.
Topellius, Z. Times of Linnaeus. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
Townsend, B. O. Plantation Lays, and Other Poems. Columbia, S. C.: Charles A. Calvo, Jr.
Twelve Days in the Saddle: a Journey on Horseback in New England during the Autumn of 1883. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Véron, Eugène. La Morale. F. W. Christern. \$1.75.
Walcott, C. H. Concord in the Colonial Period: being a History of the Town of Concord, Mass. from the Earliest Settlement to the Overthrow of the Andros Government, 1635-1689. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Wikoff, H. The Reminiscences of an Idler. Forde, Howard & Hulbert.
Zimmer, H. Keltische Studien. Part 2. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

GOODHOLME'S DOMESTIC CYCLO-
pedia for Housekeepers. \$2.50.
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